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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	753
MUZZLED BRITAIN	756
TANGANYIKA AND SOUTH-WEST AFRICA. By G. T. Garratt	757
BLOOD AND SOIL. By Eric Dancy	758
A LONDON DIARY	759
THIS ENGLAND	761
MISUNDERSTANDING. By Y. Y.	761
TRUTH IN ADVERTISING. By Harry Roberts	762
UNDER WHICH FLAG? By Sagittarius	764
CORRESPONDENCE	764
From M. W. Dennison; Henry Harrison; G. D. H. Cole; Lady Aberdeen and others; P. B.; Kenneth Ingram.	
CUBISM AND FUNCTIONALISM. By Clive Bell	767
SUPPORTING PROGRAMME. By Peter Galway	768
PLAYS AND PICTURES	770
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett	771
REVIEWS:	Page
The Will to Live. By Stephen Spender	772
The Central Sea. By Elizabeth Monroe	772
Hungry Notables. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	774
New Novels. By John Mair	797
Van Gogh. By G. W. Stonier	798
The Personal Touch. By Paul Bloomfield.	800
Colder To-day. By Cyril Connolly	800
SHORTER NOTICES	802
ABOUT MOTORING. By R. E. Davidson	804
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	806
CROSSWORD	808
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Dives	810
MID-AUTUMN LITERARY SUPPLEMENT (*see Special Index*).	
Includes a poem by John Betjeman, an article by Peter Chamberlain, and reviews by Elizabeth Bowen, Peter Quennell, Raymond Mortimer, Leonard Woolf, Ralph Partridge, V. Sackville-West, F. A. Wright, H. B. Mallalieu.	

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

EIGHTEEN months ago, after the Report of the Peel Commission, the Government appeared to have made up their mind to the partitioning of Palestine. Now, aided by the labours of another Commission, they have executed a *volte face* and evolved a new policy. The members of the Woodhead Commission, whose report is published just as we go to press, are unanimous only in condemning the Peel plan; they could not reach agreement on either of the alternative Partition schemes that they considered. And so the Government have decided to drop Partition as being impracticable, in view of the "political, administrative and financial difficulties" that it would involve. The solution of the problem, as outlined in the "Statement" issued on Wednesday, is to be based on the idea of "an understanding between the Arabs and the Jews." That is, in fact, the idea which most of us who supported the mandate held from the beginning, and which indeed was the only possible justification for that extremely difficult experiment. The reasons why it failed are too complicated to discuss here; it must suffice to say that none of the three parties concerned, Great Britain, the Arabs and the Zionists, is blameless. Can the failure be retrieved now? The Woodhead Commission report that when they arrived in Palestine last April they "found the atmosphere charged with intense hatred and bitterness," and when they left in August, "the tension between the Arabs and Jewish communities was probably greater than it had ever been before."

Will Arabs and Jews Co-operate?

It is plain that we cannot put an end to this lamentable state of affairs either by abandoning the Balfour Declaration out of hand and throwing the Jews to the wolves, or by treating the Arab nationalist revolt as a simple affair of gunmen whose suppression would automatically produce a lasting peace in Palestine. In all the circumstances, there seems no alternative but another, and a serious, effort to reach a settlement by compromise, unpalatable though that may be to many. The Government propose to invite representatives of the Arabs of both Palestine and the neighbouring States and of the Jewish Agency to confer with the Mandatory Power in London on future policy. The proposal has been received with strong criticism and doubt in Palestine. Nevertheless, if there is really

a large body of moderate opinion on both sides anxious for a friendly settlement, there may be good ground for hoping that the Conference will produce a workable plan. On the other hand, it may be a fiasco, since the Government "reserve the right to refuse to receive those Arab leaders whom they regard as responsible for the campaign of assassination and violence." To exclude those villains may be proper in principle; but if the Palestinian Arabs decide that the villains are their true representatives, then the piece will break down. In that event, the Government will be left to find a policy of their own. Of what this policy will be, no hint is given, except that we shall hold on to the mandate.

The King's Speech

The King's Speech was a dose of soothing syrup. It is excellent, no doubt, for Their Majesties to go to Canada and the U.S.A. next year, but what is meant by the promise "to promote the development of good understanding with foreign Powers in the spirit of the Munich agreement" and how is the Government going to "help to restore peace in Spain and the Far East"? As for scandals in home defence and A.R.P., they are glossed over as "certain deficiencies," now to be speedily remedied. In home affairs the Speech contained a number of proposals which look pretty well in the catalogue, but whose real value cannot be judged till we see their details embodied in Bills. There are to be housing, educational and public health reforms (including a measure for the treatment of cancer); an amendment of the penal laws; improvement of conditions in the Special Areas, in the cotton industry and in agriculture. Milk, poultry and wheat, miners' welfare, unemployment insurance, commercial insurance, share-pushing, Scottish administration, will all receive attention. The Prime Minister, in replying to Mr. Attlee's criticisms in the Debate, warmly repudiated the charge that the Government contemplated any cuts in the social services. We are very glad to have this repudiation, though it is ridiculous to pretend, as he did, that it was merely a story invented for electioneering purposes by the Opposition. It originated, in fact, with the Minister of Health. Mr. Chamberlain was also cheerful about a revival of confidence and the expansion of trade and industry in the near future. He asks why anyone is gloomy. He should seek an answer from the unemployed or the Czechs or from anyone who has read *Mein Kampf*.

America Votes

The Congressional elections have left the Democrats, as expected, with an impressive majority in both Houses; but the day has not gone too well for President Roosevelt and the New Deal policy. Not merely have the Republicans increased their numbers in the House of Representatives from 90 to about 165, and in the Senate from 16 to 23, with a net gain of 14 State Governorships; many Democratic States have returned representatives notorious for luke-warmness, towards the New Deal. The South has remained solid in its traditional Democratic allegiance, but the Republicans have recaptured lost ground in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Iowa, and even in Kansas, despite the bounties which have flowed to farmers out of the New Deal cornucopia. California, for the first time in 45 years, has elected a Democratic Governor, who is expected to lose no time in undoing a shameful injustice by the release of Tom Mooney. In Michigan, however, Governor Murphy—political protégé of the President and champion of labour against Fordism—has been heavily defeated, and Mr. Robert Taft, potential Republican candidate for the Presidency in 1940, has been elected Senator in Ohio.

Germany's "Enemies"

The regrettable assassination by a 17-year-old Polish Jew of Herr vom Rath, third secretary to the German Embassy in Paris, has served Hitler well. It is essential for the purposes of the Nazi regime's domestic propaganda that Germany should be depicted as an armed but pacific nation ringed about by enemies. The assailant, Grynsban, was a Jew; here is excuse for a renewed "counter-offensive" which led to Wednesday's orgy of synagogue-burning and Jew-baiting. Even more valuable, here is an opportunity to demand that the French Government shall abandon its "criminal tolérance" towards refugees hostile to Nazism, and to denounce foreign "instigators" of attacks on Germany. Van der Lubbe was the tool of Moscow; Grynsban derived "in a straight line from Churchill." Such is the declaration of the *Angriff*, taking its cue from Hitler's speeches at Weimar and Munich this week. So long as men who wanted peace composed the British and French Governments, said the Führer, his one remaining demand—colonies for Germany—would not lead to war; but Messrs. Churchill, Eden, Duff-Cooper and Greenwood were warmongers, and the possibility of their accession to power made British rearmament a menace to the Reich. The process of inventing enemies is thus exploited, with Grynsban's unhappily added aid.

Swastika Over the Ukraine?

Rectification of the new frontier between Hungary and Czechoslovakia is now complete. Under the terms of the Italo-German award, issued nominally at Vienna but settled actually in advance during Herr von Ribbentrop's visit to Rome, Hungary gets 4,200 square miles of territory, the towns of Uzhorod, Kosice and Mukacevo, some 700,000 Hungarians and about 250,000 Slovaks and Ruthenes. To this extent she has cause for gratitude to Mussolini; but Italian diplomacy, which supported the Polish proposal for the complete liquidation of Ruthenia, suffered a setback in this respect at Germany's hands. Ruthenia loses its chief towns, its east-west rail communications and nearly all its good agricultural land, but there is to be no common Polish-Hungarian frontier. A narrow strip remains, significantly renamed Carpatho-Ukraine, giving Germany access to the South East. The idea of a Polish-Hungarian-Rumanian bloc to check the *Drag nach Osten* is still-born. Already there are indications that Germany intends to work up a Ukrainian Nationalist movement. The Ukrainians in (Polish) Eastern Galicia are being subjected to inflammatory nationalist propaganda, and there are reports of clashes between demonstrators and the Polish police. A federal Ukrainia, stretching from Slovakia to the Black Sea, would suit Germany well.

Spanish Front

Backed by an increasing weight of Italian bombers, tanks, artillery and (according to Señor del Vayo) a com-

plete fresh Italian infantry division, Franco's attack in the Gandesa sector of the Ebro battle has made some progress. In his remarkable speech in the Lords, justifying the Anglo-Italian pact, Lord Halifax declared that Mussolini had always made it plain, first, that he would "assist the work" of Non-Intervention, secondly that "he was not prepared to see General Franco defeated." Pursuing the second aim—and how it is reconcilable with the first, Lord Halifax did not deign to explain—the Duce is now hurling still more troops against the Government front, with the British Cabinet's blessing. With his aid Franco has captured the important bridge-head at Mora de Ebro, imperilling the Government right; but there appears to be a chance that his offensive may once more be checked by a successful Government diversion in another sector. Striking unexpectedly across the Segre, south of Lerida and at Belaguer to the north, the Republicans have begun to threaten Franco's left and his northward communications. Mussolini's demand for a Franco victory is still far from being satisfied, and the insurgent threat to renew "air sanctions" against open towns is an ominous indication of intention to make the war yet more horrible.

Propaganda and the U.S.S.R.

The leaders of the U.S.S.R. have made several fully justified protests against the spate of propaganda designed to suggest that Russia was neither ready nor willing to aid Czechoslovakia. The more closely we study the course of events during the crisis the more clear it becomes that British and French diplomacy was based on complaisance to Hitler whose next move, it was hoped, would be not against the West, but towards the Ukraine. As to Russia's willingness to help, it is enough to point out that Soviet request for staff conversations was ignored by France and Britain and that it was not until the final week of the crisis that the British Government even so much as mentioned the U.S.S.R. as a possible ally in case of German aggression in Czechoslovakia. As to Russia's capacity to help, it is true that there might have been delay in the arrival of Russian troops in Czechoslovakia in view of the diplomatic and physical difficulties involved in the passage through Rumanian or Polish territory. No informed person, however, doubts that Russian aeroplanes—far the most important form of aid—would have been at the disposal of the Czechs at the very beginning of hostilities. The pretence that the purges in the Russian command would have prevented effective aid are so much dishonest propaganda—as the use made of Colonel Lindbergh's remarks show only too clearly. Colonel Lindbergh was in fact only five days in Russia, and did not pretend to much knowledge of her efficiency. What he did emphasise, in fact, was the strength of German aviation. He has recently been awarded high honours in Germany. Nor has the propaganda ceased since the crisis. An extraodinary article in the *Times* has even suggested that the mass of Soviet workers are much worse off than in Tsarist days!

Dartford and the Next Four

Labour did better than most people expected in winning Dartford by a comfortable margin of well over 4,000 votes. Dartford has been a Labour seat before, and it is true that a majority of this size is not large in these days of swollen suburban electorates. Dartford, inflated by much recent building, has about 130,000 electors, as against 40,000 or even 30,000 in many more typical constituencies; and nearly 89,000 actually went to the poll, as compared with under 74,000 in 1935. Greater London, except to the West, is in fact the area in which the Labour Party is at present, thanks largely to its success on the L.C.C., most manifestly strengthening its hold. Of the remaining by-elections now in progress, the Bridgwater contest is much the most interesting. Doncaster should be safe for Labour, and Lord Stanley's vacant seat at Fylde is presumably safe for a Conservative. Walsall is rather more open; but there was a Government majority of 9,000 in 1935, and Labour has not been doing well lately in the West Midlands. In Bridgwater the apparent majority is even larger; but in 1935 the combined vote of Labour and Liberal was only 4,000 behind the Conservative. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Vernon Bartlett, backed officially by the Liberals and unofficially by Labour, can poll both groups solidly and also bring over enough waverers to win the seat. The task is formidable; but with Liberal and Labour fairly evenly balanced, an Independent Progressive appears to stand much the best chance in a constituency of this type.

The State of Employment

The Ministry of Labour has now begun to include the newly insured groups—agricultural workers and institutional domestic workers—in its figures of employment and unemployment, and its latest return of "persons in employment" includes 839,000 newcomers belonging to these groups. This complicates comparison with earlier figures; but on a comparable basis employment in October was up by 23,000 on the month, but still down by 210,000 over the year since October, 1937. The outstanding changes of the month were a seasonal rise in the coal industry, and substantial improvements in the cotton trade and in iron and steel. Employment declined in the hotel and distributive trades and also in the building industry; but these changes were largely seasonal. As compared with a year ago, the decline in employment remains severe not only in cotton, building and distribution, but also in iron and steel and the main branches of the engineering and other metal-working trades. The partial recovery in the United States has failed to affect the figures to any noticeable extent, and there is still no sign that the growing expenditure on armaments is offsetting the decline in building and the trades associated with it. The registered unemployed number 1,781,000, and the total is likely to rise a good deal higher before the winter is over, especially if, as seems probable, the Government seriously cut down school-building and other classes of public constructional work on the plea of the needs of rearmament. Railway receipts continue to decline, so that the companies, which have already refused the Unions' claims for improved conditions, have this week threatened to counter-claim for reductions in the near future.

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MUZZLED BRITAIN

MR. CHAMBERLAIN is a man of cautious statement; his acts reveal his policy. His outburst in the House of Commons last week when he suggested that it was "to foul our own nest" to speak of the Munich agreement as a disaster may have been the result of momentary pique. It must be read, however, in conjunction with his comment that the absence of such criticism was an advantage of the totalitarian states. We must recall that ever since Mr. Chamberlain came into office his conception of British policy has been to co-operate with the Fascist powers. He suffers under what we are sure is a nineteenth century illusion that he may purchase good relations by the exercise of financial power. He seeks appeasement, which we all desire, not as the champion of democracy determined to get the best deal he can for the underdogs of Europe, but rather as one who is flattered by the friendly overtures of a superior whose goodwill he hopes to maintain by a prompt compliance. We are not therefore surprised when he shows an increasing tendency to speak well of the totalitarian States and to suggest that we in England might do well to march behind him with the unanimity which is so striking a feature of Germany under Hitler. It is in this background that we must read his suggestion that there is something damaging, perhaps disloyal, to Britain in criticising its present Premier. He seems, like Hitler, to identify the Premier with the nation and thus to cross at a bound the chasm that divides the democratic and totalitarian ideas of society. We in England fought a war, beheaded one king and drove another from the throne in order to vindicate the opposite principle—that the Government is the servant, not the master of the people, and that free and frank criticism is the proper duty of an Opposition, since the nation lives and may live more healthily even when the Government of the moment is killed by attacks upon its policy and administration.

In his resounding speech on the Munich agreement, Mr. Winston Churchill definitely prophesied that the results of Mr. Chamberlain's policy would be the drastic limitation of our liberties in Parliament, on public platforms and in the press. In Parliament, Mr. Churchill could already point to the attempt to use the Official Secrets Act to coerce an M.P. who asked awkward questions (since proved to be entirely justified) about the Government's inefficiency. Some had already pointed to the similarity between the House of Commons and the Reichstag, both called merely to register a *fait accompli*. Mr. Churchill could have quoted the *Times*, which declared that Mr. Chamberlain had shown that the Führer-Prinzip was compatible with democracy. To illustrate the results when democracies attempt to order their own house for the purpose of conciliating Hitler, he could have recounted the story of Austria and Dr. Schuschnigg, and cited the repressive measures that have been taken in such an old democracy as Switzerland and the efforts to muzzle freedom even in the Scandinavian countries. Everywhere the danger of criticising the German Führer is used by the Conservative classes as an excuse for suppressing their own critics. He could have recalled, in dealing with the press, that when Anglo-German conversations were initiated last winter, Herr von Ribbentrop made it clear that one of the Führer's demands was the suppression of criticism of Nazi methods and Nazi leaders in Britain. Since Mr. Churchill's speech Hitler has made it all too clear that he is anxious to see the same process of suppression in the interests of Germany applied throughout the British press and to Members of Parliament.

During the crisis of this summer a variety of methods have been used to bring the press into line behind Government policy. For the most part indirect means have sufficed; "influence" is often enough, where you have a press predominantly in the hands of a few rich men. But where criticism has been outspoken, less polite methods and more direct pressure has been applied. The technique of press conferences, to which in some cases only journalists who are regarded as satisfactory from the Government's point of view are summoned, was useful during the last war, and it still serves its purpose of suggesting the right comment and imparting information which cannot be used (even though it might be obtained elsewhere) just because it has been confidentially communicated. Behind the amicable relations between newspapers and Government departments, there is always the serious threat of a possible withdrawal of Whitehall news facilities. Mr. Wickham Steed in his new "Penguin" book on *The Press*, adds a postscript in which he asserts that advertisers have recently been mobilised to exert a new type of political pressure, and we could add that we have heard of special measures contemplated to bring into line one or two important papers which do not see eye to eye with the present Government. All this is behind the scenes and is merely an extension, though in a new and menacing form, of a technique which every government uses in some degree to ensure itself a good press.

In this atmosphere it is not surprising that working journalists all over the country have begun to wonder how far Mr. Chamberlain intends to take us by gentle means along the road which Hitler has trodden so brutally and so pugnaciously. Last week-end an important conference was called by the National Council for Civil Liberties and the National Union of Journalists to consider the means which are at the Government's disposal in cases where "influence" is found insufficient. The Incitement to Disaffection Act may yet prove a potent weapon; and we may see a dangerous extension of the use of the law of libel, which already restricts much comment, which would be valuable in the public interest, upon organisations and interests whose methods and activities the public knows all too little about. The most dangerous law, however, is the Official Secrets Acts, which were passed for the purpose of dealing with espionage and which have been used to threaten and coerce authors, journalists and civil servants in cases where no question of spying arose and where no possible "danger to the State" was involved. It should be remembered that under these Acts anyone who obtains any information, whether important or unimportant, in the course of his official duties and passes it on to another person, thereby makes both himself and the person to whom he speaks, liable to a period of two years' imprisonment. In Lancashire a journalist named Lewis was fined for quoting from an unimportant police circular, and the Lord Chief Justice who, as Attorney-General when the Bill was introduced, had denied that it could in any way threaten the freedom of the press, was compelled in his judicial capacity to uphold the sentence of the lower court. In

this case a policeman acting under a county council was regarded as a servant under the Crown, and it appears that the Act could be similarly applied in the case of any elementary or secondary school teacher or, indeed, of anyone working for the Government, or on a contract for the Government.

A representative of the Civil Service Clerical Association explained to the conference that the statutory restrictions imposed by the Official Secrets Acts were supplemented by Treasury regulations in 1933. Up to that date a Civil Servant was free to publish any book without official permission unless the matter with which it dealt concerned the department in which he worked and in which, therefore, he had access to official documents. But the regulation of June, 1933, requires him to obtain permission before publishing any book "the subject of which is connected with the official duties of himself or other public servants." As almost every subject is now connected with some government department, the rights of Civil Servants are drastically restricted; in one case a member of the staff of the Ministry of Health, whose official duties had no connection whatever with foreign affairs and who had no access to any documents relating to foreign affairs, was dismissed from the Service for publishing a pamphlet dealing with the policy of the Government in the Abyssinian crisis. It is clear that the wording of the Acts would permit of their being used even more arbitrarily and drastically, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Dingle Foot's Bill which is designed to restrict the Acts to their original and proper purpose of dealing with spies and espionage, will be introduced in the present session of Parliament, and that the agitation for this Bill that began with last week's conference will not be dropped until the law is changed.

Let us understand quite clearly what is happening. We are told that Mr. Chamberlain has brought us peace in our time, and we agree that there is no likelihood of a Britain, which has, for better or worse, so far discarded its responsibilities abroad, being forced into war in the near future. But in spite of these reassurances the threat of war is being held over our heads, so that we shall be intimidated into giving up those very rights of free speech and publication which are of the essence of the democracy we are supposed to be defending. The trick is manifest; we are not really confronted with the choice of engaging in a world war which will overwhelm our civilisation on the one hand, and submitting to the dictation of Hitler and Mr. Chamberlain on the other. It is a trick above all to catch pacifists, who, abhorring war, are too easily induced to confuse submission with peace. Granted that our influence abroad has been restricted, it does not follow that we must surrender our free institutions because of our failure to help others in maintaining theirs. On this matter surely Mr. Lansbury may agree with Mr. Churchill. Pacificism should not be the equivalent of surrender. What the people of England must do is to maintain come what may, a determination to stand up in the world for what they regard as right, and to choose as their Ministers those who represent their tradition of freedom and understand the needs and desires of common people. We shall gain nothing and lose everything, including our own souls, if we let those in England who find the Nazi regime to their taste, impose their domination upon us because we have no faith in our own institutions and ideals.

TANGANYIKA AND SOUTH WEST AFRICA

THESE two countries are likely to be very much "in the news" during the coming winter. It is hardly to be expected that the British public will know much more about them than Mr. Chamberlain did about Czechoslovakia, but we can welcome, as a valuable source of information, the report which Lord Hailey has drawn up under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs*. It will not, one fears, become a best seller; its 1,700 pages cover in a rather pedestrian fashion the whole immense field of African administration—and Africa is even more difficult to "survey" than India. Lord Hailey's work is to be regarded as a more handy and up-to-date addition to R. L. Buell's classic *The Native Problem in Africa;* it is not a substitute for that book or for Lord Lugard's *The Dual Mandate.* It has little space to inform us about the background and the way of life of the natives, though it refers conscientiously to many anthropological works. But the wishes of the natives, who, after all, are the overwhelming majority of the inhabitants of Africa, will, one presumes, count for very little in any discussions about the future of Africa, which is regarded, by the Fascist Powers at least, only from the point of view of strategy, raw materials and perhaps as a reservoir from which black armies may be recruited.

The survey provides many useful facts about the Mandated Territories. In Tanganyika, for instance, we learn that the post-war policy of ousting Germans has long been reversed. The Hailey Report says:

> The German estates were sold by auction during the period 1920–4, and passed into a variety of hands, mainly British, but also Indian, Greek, Syrian, and other. The embargo on the holding of land by Germans was removed in 1925, and large numbers of the original estate owners have now returned. In 1929 there were in all 1,985 holdings of which 508 were British, 347 German, 337 Indian, and 240 Greek. Of a European population estimated at 8,455 in 1935, as many as 2,665 were German, and during that year a further 197 immigrated.

It is clear that Tanganyika is not a settlers' colony. The few Europeans in its 360,000 square miles are administrators, business men, soldiers and missionaries. There are just over a thousand British officials, including engineers, railway officers, etc. This number seems, according to Indian standards, very large for a native population of just over five million, but many of these officials are doing work which would be entrusted to comparatively junior Indian officials. The contrast with South-West Africa is notable. Here the area is rather smaller, 317,000 square miles. The native population only numbers just over a quarter of a million, while the European population is comparatively large—almost four times that of Tanganyika. Even so it was only 31,049 in 1935; of these over eleven thousand were Germans who had remained in the territory after the war, and during the last two years strenuous efforts have been made by the Nazi Government to increase this number. Over half of the original settlers have become naturalised, and have therefore helped to elect the twelve members of the Legislative Assembly.

We shall no doubt hear it argued that to hand over Tanganyika to Germany would not matter much, since the number of British displaced is so small. Following the precedent of Italy in Ethiopia, the Germans would probably expel all non-German Europeans—business men and missionaries—but the total number would be less than are involved in the reorganisation of a large business, or the process of "Indianisation" over a few years. Even if the dispossessed all returned to Britain it would cause only a slight increase in our middle-class unemployment figures. To hand-over South-West Africa would have a far larger proportional effect on the smaller European population of South Africa.

The trade of Tanganyika is on a small scale. The total exports are about 4½ millions, of which nearly two millions are accounted for by sisal, and one and a half by cotton, ground

*An African Survey. By Lord Hailey. (*Oxford University Press*, 25s.)

nuts and hides. This does not suggest a very flourishing settlers' colony, and this is borne out by Lord Hailey's report.

> Those who have attempted mixed farming . . . would appear to have found it difficult to do more than make ends meet on a very modest scale of living. Of the German settlers many are said to be heavily mortgaged to the Usagara Trading Company, financed by the Uebersee Gesellschaft of Berlin. European wages for farm managers and assistances are very meagre, and unless improvements of transport make possible the introduction of new export crops, the prospects of any considerable development of European farming must be regarded as remote.

About half of the Tanganyika export trade goes to the British Empire, and about ten per cent. to Germany. From South-West Africa the exports are more variable. The agricultural produce seems to be of small value, and most of the exports are minerals—copper, diamonds, etc. Germany takes about the same proportion, a quarter, of these as does England.

Lord Hailey's Survey would hardly suggest that the loss of Tanganyika is likely to make any great upset to England's general economy. It would perhaps make more difference to India. There are now over 23,000 Indians, who control most of the petty commerce of the colony, and also hold a quarter of a million acres of land. The Germans would no doubt enjoy expropriating them; the reminder that Indians are their "Aryan brothers" could be used, but probably ineffectively. In any case a good precedent has been created by the expropriation without any protest from Britain of the fine old Indian firm of Mohammad Ali from its many branches in Ethiopia.

So much for the tangibles; the intangibles are far harder to assess, and the Survey gives us very little help. The wishes of the inhabitants, the strategic effect of handing them over, the influence of cession upon our administration in other parts of Africa, these are questions for which Lord Hailey only offers us such hesitating generalities as this:—

> An objective study of the German system of administration has yet to be written, and much of the available evidence of its character is coloured by the prejudices of the war period. As regards the merit of the akidas (subordinate officials of Arab or Swahili extraction) there is some conflict of opinion among those who had the opportunity of observing German administration; to some they gave an impression of an efficient subordinate service . . . others have described them as overbearing and corrupt.

In practice it is, of course, extremely unlikely that the British public will have any say in the matter at all. We shall be presented with a *fait accompli*, which will then be discussed three days later in the House of Commons. To-day it looks as if the Partition of Africa, which was hastily and immorally carried out in the 'eighties and 'nineties, is going to be revised equally immorally and equally hastily, and with even less regard for native interests and opinion. Are all the high ideals and fine theories of the post-war era, the mandate system and the beginnings of self-government, to be swept away with the ruthlessness displayed in the Czechoslovakia settlement?

G. T. GARRATT

BLOOD AND SOIL

THE Nazis are pursuing in the main two policies in Scandinavia. The first aims at the nazification of the Northern States which they "claim" are Nordic. This is to be achieved by propaganda and organisation within the States themselves. They have had little success, but their greatest hopes are in Denmark, where owing to the geographical position it is the easiest to bring pressure. The second policy is to bring the German minority on Danish soil into the Reich.

The Danes put the Nazis into a quandary before Hitler existed, except as a man, in 1920. The Allies offered Denmark territories which Prussia had taken from her in 1864. But the Danish Government refused the Allies' offer, asking only for a plebiscite by which to determine a new frontier ethnographically or according to local popular wish. They were conscious that repressive economic and political measures employed by the Germans during their fifty-six years' rule over the former Duchy of Schleswig-Holstein had driven many Danes north, Germanised a few, and produced a German preponderance in many districts where the preponderance had been Danish. These districts the Danes did not wish to take over, broadly for three reasons. First, those Danes, the majority, who conceive government as a device for the service of the people, did not wish to impose their service on an unwilling people. Secondly, the Danes were sympathetic with the young German Republic and wished to show their sympathy. Thirdly, they wished to give the Germans no cause for a grievance, which might eventually disturb the peace. Denmark's policy in 1920 was in fact far more enlightened than that of the Allies, and compares only with that of the Swedes in handing over the Åland islands in the Baltic to their weak neighbour, Finland.

The Scandinavian attitude towards the "national possession" of the land, exemplified after the war in South Jutland and in Åland, shows itself different again at this moment from the Nazi attitude.

The Nazis attach great importance to South Jutland for several reasons, of which the least is economic. They are very sensitive to the opinions which are held of them by Germans living under foreign rule just over Reich frontiers, and it would hurt more than their vanity that such Germans should live contentedly. The number of Germans in the Danish zone is 30,000. Anxious furthermore to make headway among the Scandinavians themselves, they are attacking strategically at the weakest point by propaganda and by other means. South Jutland is the weakest point because, with the support of strong German minorities in certain districts, the conversion of relatively few Danes would cause Nazi deputies to be elected to the Danish Folketing, whose presence would produce a moral effect on the whole of Scandinavia.

There are those in Denmark who in the event of the Nazis gaining ground in certain districts and getting a majority, would want to hand those districts over as quickly as possible to the Reich, an offer which the Reich could not easily refuse. There is a strong popular feeling, however, in Denmark against such a policy. The general belief in Denmark is that the presence of Nazis in the Folketing would have no effect on Danish political life.

For the Nazis propaganda too is extremely difficult in South Jutland, although it is freely allowed by the Danes. The largest town in the frontier district is Flensburg, on the German side, and people from the Danish side are continually visiting it. They are not favourably impressed with economic conditions in Flensburg. And they are disturbed by the acts of discrimination against Danes on the German side, of which constant reports come over. The *Flensborg Avis*, a Danish paper which is published in Flensburg, recently printed a report of negotiations which took place on 24th June between representatives of the Danish minority and the local Nazi authorities, to whom Herr Hess had told them to make any complaints they might have. The main complaint of discrimination has been that some two hundred Danish "families with many children" have been refused the State help granted to similar German families on the ground that their children were sent to Danish schools. The German reply, according to the published document, was that discrimination of this nature was not exercised on such grounds alone, but in cases where families were known also not to be sympathetic to National Socialism. The result of the negotiations was that the Nazi authorities undertook to investigate each case and "not to exceed certain (undefined) limits" in the future. Beyond that they did not commit themselves. To the Danish mind discrimination on either of these grounds is unfair, but responsible Danish publicists of all parties agree that it is quite consistent with Nazi ideology. Editorial comment in *Politiken* was to the effect that the Reich leaders themselves were at the time too busy with issues of major importance, particularly with that of the larger German minority in Czechoslovakia, to be able to afford consideration to the complaints of a relatively tiny minority

of some twelve or thirteen thousand people. Danes recognise, however, that where moral principles affecting the treatment of minorities are concerned there may be different principles according to the nationality of the minority. There is a labour camp, too, just over the frontier. And the Danes do not see the good of the road the Germans have built from Flensburg to the west coast, and over a dam to Sylt, except for military operations—and the only kind of military operations the Dane likes are musical performances.

The trend therefore of Nazi propaganda in South Jutland is mystic. The Nazi slogan is "Blood and Soil." It means that the German has a special claim to the soil. A German is he who feels that he is a German, and a Dane, who is a prototypic German, can be a German. But that feeling alone does not constitute a German. A German is he who feels that he is a German, whose blood is German, and whose soil is German. There are those too of Germanic blood, who do not yet consider themselves Germans. They also are Germans, waiting only to be induced (or "taught," to use an expression I have heard a German use) "to feel correctly."

I cannot attempt to discuss here why this propaganda has made extremely little headway among Danes. It is just a fact that the Dane cannot picture his soul as something which is chained to the earth. It is just as much a fact that the Dane is incapable of associating himself with a large group of people with whose leader he is not in close contact. The deification of an individual is too tough a proposition for him. His leader must be known to him personally as a man with human humour, human strength, and human weaknesses. "We have no king," the Vikings are reputed to have said a thousand years ago in France, "we are all equal men." And the Scandinavians have no king, in the sense of a ruler, to-day. Closely knit together as they are to-day in human, political and social bonds, they have three kings who are kings in a symbolic sense only, and the peoples are held together by mutual respect and mutual independence. I have heard a Dane say that to force the three peoples together would be incestuous. Nor can I discuss why the Scandinavians have a thousand years of freedom behind them. Their languages have evolved separately from the old Norröna, the Norwegian language having developed separately particularly since Ibsen, while German has become more and more standardised. Again these are just insuperable facts, and provide a reason why a Danish or Scandinavian political union with Nazi Germany, or indeed with any other Germany, would be impossible. In out of date ethnological terms, it would simply be non-Nordic.

In face of the failure of their propaganda, the Nazis are pursuing another policy in South Jutland—that of economic penetration. In charge of this policy is a lawyer called Vogelgesang, who was born in Brandenburg, but went to live in Haderslev, becoming a Dane when Haderslev became Danish in 1920. Under the protection of Danish citizenship, for something over ten years he has been buying up farm properties and letting them to people of Nazi sympathies, with funds directly if not indirectly from Switzerland. An agreement between a farmer and the Kreditinstitut Vogelgesang involves a hundred years' lease with a clause prohibiting the tenant from transferring the property to anyone of whom the Institut does not approve—that is to say in practice to a non-Nazi. Already in April 1935 this Vogelgesang had come into possession of 83 farms, and it is noticeable that he had made his purchases almost exclusively in those communes where the German minority is strong. Since 1935 Vogelgesang has been more subtle in his methods, and local opinion in South Jutland is that he controls indirectly about eight times as many properties chiefly by the purchase of mortgages. The Danes have a counter-organisation, not so well-backed financially, called "Landeværnet" (Land Protection League). The struggle between Vogelgesang and Landeværnet for the possession of the soil has been going on for some ten years. Recently the *Nordschleswigsche Zeitung*, a Nazi paper circulating among the minority, "demanded" *inter alia* the dissolution of all Danish frontier organisations.

In the 1932 election for the Folketing, 13.2 per cent. of North Slesvig voters voted "German." The 1935 election showed an increase to 15.5 per cent. In 1932 two of the smaller electoral districts out of 119 had German majorities, but in 1935 there was no change in this respect. But what hurts the Nazis is that in the 1920 plebiscite the "German" vote exceeded 25 per cent. in North Slesvig, and that the Germans had majorities then in four districts, including the important town of Aabenraa (Apenraden).

There is a great deal of German propaganda in South Jutland, and Nazi agents move freely everywhere. But there is very little Danish counter-propaganda. The Danes are firm believers in the will of the people, and are conscious that they do not need to add "by the grace of Hr. Stauning" to price-tickets on meat, bread, butter, sugar, and vegetables. They are satisfied, too, about the rights they have given to their minority Germans, such as the Germans never gave to the Danes during their 56 years' rule.

The contrast is tremendous. The Prussians suppressed Danish culture and language; Danish conscripts in the German army during the war were even punished for talking Danish. The Danes, on the other hand, since 1920 have done everything possible to encourage the German language and German cultural independence on Danish soil. In 1888 there was not a single Danish school in Schleswig-Holstein. To-day every commune which had 20 per cent. of German voters in 1920, and which to-day can show as many German children as ten, is obliged by Danish law to have its separate German school, run on the same lines as the Danish, but with German teaching compulsory, and provided by the State. Until 1935 a commune had to have fifteen German children before it could get its German school. Nevertheless and in spite of this greater encouragement the Danish Government has given to German education, during the last five years the proportion of children receiving it has declined appreciably. Out of school German and Danish children play together, and the Danish language is universal among them. The Danish Government cannot help that, and it is certainly not encouraged provocatively. But it is a Danish joke locally that, for miles south of the frontier, even cattle have still to be addressed in Danish.

Ill-feeling in Nordslesvig there is little, if only because it takes two to make a quarrel, even among children. Of Blimpenbergs and Blimpenborgs there are of course a few; but the Dane has an incurable feeling for comic opera, and they contribute to the happy life of South Jutland pending the counsels of the gods.

ERIC DANCY

A LONDON DIARY

INFORMATION reaches me from Germany that another big drive for territory is to be expected next February or March. There are several reasons for hurrying things. The Führer has recently expressed a determination to change some more European frontiers while he has good friends in power in Britain and France, and the young Nazis, far from satisfied with Czechoslovakia, have a business-like preference for a large turnover and quick returns. The technique of naming particular people abroad as warmongers is old stuff to Hitler. He used it in conquering power in Germany, choosing out particular Jews as the enemies of Germany and National Socialism, and he has applied it since with Blum, Cot, and Dr. Benes. He must somehow or other cultivate in the German public the idea that Germany is still persecuted and since no one will now believe that she is "encircled," the tactic is to choose people, Churchill, Greenwood, or anyone, who honestly expresses the universal detestation of Nazi methods, and declare that they are preparing to make war on Germany. A German friend reminds me that Bismarck played the same game in 1875 against the French when they began to recover after their defeat. Bismarck's inspired press

accused them of planning a war of revenge and strong representations were made by Britain and Russia in Berlin to warn Germany that they would not tolerate further aggression on France. Bismarck listened and subsided, but Hitler, to whom no one speaks frankly, pursues his policy of maintaining the persecution complex among German citizens. Reports agree that there was consternation among the public and even more among the Reichswehr generals when war appeared likely over Czechoslovakia, and, what is more interesting, that a large number of German citizens have remained very dissatisfied and frightened since the crisis. As an experienced observer put it, the German people are not showing the gratitude to the Führer expected of them and "it is doubtful whether the silence that was broken during the crisis can ever be completely reimposed." People talk and grumble more than they used to and there has even been "unrest" in the factories. The most hopeful factor in the situation is the rebirth to some small extent of criticism and opposition in Germany and openly expressed doubts about the necessity for so much aggression. If I read Hitler aright, however, his response to this is not to call off the aggression, but to redouble the propaganda which would seem to justify it.

* * *

Some weeks ago I referred to the treatment of the two Czech delegates, Dr. Hubert Masarik and Mr. Mastny, who were summoned to Munich to receive the dictators' ultimatum. I am now in possession of the details. They arrived at Munich by aeroplane soon after 3 o'clock on September 29th, were met at the aerodrome by a police car, and accompanied by members of the Gestapo driven to the Hotel Regina, where the British delegation was staying. The conference was already in session, and it was only at 7 o'clock that they were able to obtain some conversation with Mr. Gwatkin. They tried to press certain economic and other problems on his attention. He was personally sympathetic, but said they scarcely seemed to realise how painful it was to negotiate with Hitler, and made it clear that the plan under discussion was much worse than the terms of the Anglo-French plan. At about 10 o'clock the Czech delegates went into Sir Horace Wilson's room, where the plan was briefly explained to them, but no serious attention was paid to their objections. They were warned that if the Czechs did not accept promptly they would be left to make their own terms with Germany and that the French would not help them. At 1.30 a.m. they were shown into the Conference room. Hitler and Mussolini had gone, leaving Mr. Chamberlain, M. Daladier, Sir Horace Wilson, M. Léger and Mr. Gwatkin to inform them that the agreement had been signed. The French were obviously embarrassed; the agreement was read, but the Czech protests and doubts about the definition of areas of "preponderantly German character" and about the absence of safeguards for their vital economic and strategic interests, were brushed aside. Questions about proposals for supervision of the "plebiscites" by international or British troops were referred to the International Commission. Mr. Chamberlain was tired out and yawned repeatedly, while M. Daladier was too embarrassed to answer when they wanted to know whether the Czech Government was to have the opportunity of making any statement or of giving any reply to the proposals. It was left to M. Léger to explain bluntly that no reply was expected from the Czechs and that the agreement was regarded as already accepted. A Czech delegate was to be in Berlin not later than 5 p.m. on the same day to meet the International Commission, and an officer to go to Berlin to discuss the details of the evacuation of the first zone. I understand that the full story of this extraordinary incident is to appear in a book by Peter Buk, the pseudonym of a high Czech official. It will be recalled that for a number of reasons the Czech Government abandoned its intention of publishing a White Paper.

* * *

For years now politics have been bedevilled by the controversy about whether collective security was a method of promoting peace and justice or a plan for encircling and defeating Germany. There is now a movement to unite people whose main concern is peace on a basis of a constructive proposal. Immediately after the Munich disaster the cry went up for an international "economic conference"; it met with the inevitable reply that Hitler did not like conferences and that, anyway, experience had shown that such grandiose attempts were doomed to disaster. But no one suggested a repetition of 1929—a vast and unprepared effort to settle everything round a single conference table. To me it would seem obvious sense for the democratic Powers to face their economic and imperial absurdities together and at the same time to invite the Fascist powers to co-operate on terms of equality if they will. Obviously, if Hitler and Mussolini won't play we should go ahead just the same, strengthening ourselves morally and materially in the process, and doing our best to make common economic cause with the U.S.S.R. The agitation for getting on with the preparations for such a conference amongst the few States seriously involved is spreading amongst a large number of organisations; it may even reach the proportions of the Peace Ballot of 1935. A petition on these lines is being organised under the general auspices of the National Peace Council. A special "petition committee" has been appointed to do the work.

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We have already had objectionable instances—in the *March of Time* series, for example—of quasi-official censorship exercised over the imported films which we are permitted to see. An attempt, I learn, is being made to impose similar grandmotherly control over the films which Britain, on a highly important occasion, is to be allowed to export for exhibition abroad. The selection of the British films to be shown in the British Pavilion at the New York World's Fair next year is not merely of consequence to the film industry in this country; it is bound to have a considerable influence on the future of Anglo-American relations. No better medium exists for conveying to the American public which will throng the Fair some idea of the history, the contemporary life, problems and culture of Britain and her democratic system. But the arbiters of the choice of films for the World Fair—the Joint Films Committee of the British Council and the Travel Association, under the chairmanship of Mr. Philip Guedalla—appear to consider that the ends of British propaganda can best be served by presenting—as is proper—a few good British "feature hits," such as *Pygmalion*, *The Lady Vanishes* and *Sixty Glorious Years*, to the exclusion of most of the admirable documentary films which have been made in this country and give an authentic picture of this or that phase of national life. Exhibition of the six excellent films on Scotland, sponsored by the eminently capitalist Scottish Development Council, has actually been vetoed. Is the same ban to be placed on the G.P.O. and Gas Industry films dealing with communications, nutrition and housing? From what motive? The Joint Committee, it is true, has no cinema man in its personnel; but I find it hard to believe that Mr. Guedalla has never heard of British documentaries or that he believes that the way to encourage American belief in British democracy is to keep every touch of realism out of our film programmes at the Fair. I should have thought that the Joint Committee's business was to stimulate and sponsor the production, between now and the Fair, of more films depicting truthfully the problems and achievements of this country in industry, agriculture, transport and the social services. This is what the American public wants to see—not solely feature films inevitably more or less in the Hollywood style.

* * *

The *Sunday Times* National Book Fair has been transferred from Dorland Hall to Earls Court—a slight sacrifice of accessibility to spaciousness. The most popular feature of the Fair is no doubt the series of Personal Appearances by well-known writers. But this year there are several side-shows, including Fishing with a Rod for Book Tokens, and a Sleuth's Corner devised by Miss Marjorie Allingham. (After very careful examination of the layout I failed as a Poirot, but I fancy I

spotted one important clue, which entailed enquiries at a post office.) The most useful part of the Fair is the section of Classified Books, which is much larger this year. My own view is that it would be better if the entire Exhibition were arranged in this way. The stands of the individual publishers do little, I think, to encourage the book-buying public, especially as several of the most important publishers have not taken stands. I was glad to see a whole stall of Catalan literature with a number of admirable illustrated books. How many English people realise that Barcelona is the centre of a culture and language with a fine literature of its own, altogether distinct from that of Spain and going back to the Provençal renaissance? I found the classified Children's Books particularly attractive; and I enjoyed the collection of illustrated covers of Victorian songs. At the same time I do not think that the organisers have fully used the art of modern showmanship. The approach is gloomy. Some gilt baskets of wilting chrysanthemums looked grotesquely old-fashioned; in the Art and Architecture section some admirable books were arranged under a framed reproduction of a sadly mediocre painting. Would it not be possible next year to enlist the help of the Design and Industries Association? The Fair is very useful, but I would like a little less matter, and more. art

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Two incidents that illustrate the trend of politics. A case during the Oxford by-election in which an employer asked his workers to volunteer to distribute pamphlets for Mr. Quintin Hogg during their working hours. The second is one of the best examples of the way in which people will catch at any excuse, however thin and comic, when their consciences prick them. "I understand," said one business man, "that these Czechs are a pretty degraded lot. I have never been to Czechoslovakia myself, of course, but it stands to reason, doesn't it, when that's the place the word 'Bohemian' comes from?" And then, waving his hand at a Gothic town hall outside the window, he added: "And I am told when they build a town hall they put obscene statues on the top of it!"

* * *

Overheard in the lobby of the House of Lords: "Is your wife entertaining this year?" "Not very." CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Miss E. G. Rolleston.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

Opposing a proposal to name new roads in Great Yarmouth after Byron, Chaucer, Milton, Shakespeare and Tennyson, Mr. R. F. Kerrison declared at Yarmouth Town Council to-day:—"In my opinion, the moral character of these people is not such that we should name roads after them." He suggested that the roads should be named after present councillors.—*Daily Mirror.*

More than 100 over-the-age-limit ex-gunners of Weymouth have applied to the War Office to let them form an "Old Crocks" coastal defence battalion.

And why not? Isn't Weymouth just the place where an enemy would hope to sneak ashore without anybody getting to hear of it?—*Evening News.*

A gas-mask queen is to be chosen at Streatham Baths Hall on Armistice night.—*Sunday Express.*

Peter Turner, aged 13, also of Kenton, means to protect the women and children. "I want to be a bomber pilot in the next war," he declared.—*Evening News.*

DEATHS

. . . who stepped from the top of life's ladder into the glories of her Father's Home, at the home of her brother-in-law, ...—*Provincial Newspaper.*

MISUNDERSTANDING

THOUGH we are living in the most expensively educated century in the history of mankind, it is scarcely possible to open a newspaper without finding evidence that some public man or other is ignorant of the meaning of some ordinary word. When I was at a preparatory school, we used to be given lists of words to define; but, as most of us defined these words in the shortest phrases we could discover in the dictionary, I doubt whether this advanced our knowledge very far. Still, I am not sure that we remained as ignorant of the meaning of simple words as a recent writer in Herr Julius Streicher's paper. This writer, commenting on the attempted assassination of a German diplomat by a young Jew, declared that Germany had hitherto been too magnanimous in her treatment of Jews and that it was time to change this. Here is a presumably well-educated man who is nevertheless at a loss as to the meaning of the far from obscure word "magnanimous." "Magnanimous," the dictionary tells us, means "great of mind, elevated in soul or sentiment; brave, generous." Clearly, the Nazi writer must have used the word by mistake, for whatever may be said for a policy of branding a whole people as an inferior race, there is nothing conspicuously generous about it and it would not even suggest to an old-fashioned mind any particular elevation of soul or sentiment. We may be reaching a stage of civilisation, of course, at which it will be regarded as a mark of generosity to permit a man we dislike to live even if we do not permit him to make a living. Concentration camps may then be called hospitality centres, and prisoners be regarded as guests kept a little longer for their own good. We already have the phrase, "preventive detention," which suggests that a kindly government is saving the people it detains from an infuriated populace. Even so, the old-fashioned will continue to believe that magnanimity is distinguishable from oppression, and that there are more generous ways of treating human beings than humiliating them, and at times beating them, because you do not like the look of them.

Herr Hitler, if we may judge from his latest speeches, is as much at sea in regard to the meaning of ordinary words as the Nazi journalist. Replying vehemently to certain democratic statesmen who have attacked his policy, he proclaims himself the "arch-democrat," who rose to power through the will of the people and who has lately applied the great democratic principle of self-determination in central Europe. Now it may be true, as G. K. Chesterton used to maintain, that even a tyranny is, as a rule, based in some measure on popular assent. The Tsar of pre-war Russia possibly ruled by the will of the people to a greater extent than the revolutionaries of the time would admit. This, however, did not mean that the Tsarist form of government was a democracy; for under a democracy, the people have the right, not only to support, but to oppose those who, for the time being, govern it. The test of democracy is the liberty given to the opposition. Silence and crush your opposition, and you cease to be a democracy even if you have ninety per cent. of the people behind you. Many people seem to believe that democracy means simply majority rule, but that definition would satisfy few modern democrats. There is nothing sacred about a majority. A majority is capable of becoming tyrannous and dictatorial. It might want to persecute Jews or Protestants or Catholics, and persecution is a negation of democracy. A majority might decide to abolish the Labour or the Conservative press, yet without a free press democracy would be indistinguishable from dictatorship. In the United States, a majority for a time tried to enforce teetotalism on all the citizens of the country, and many English democrats, misled by the theory that democracy simply means majority rule, acclaimed this as a triumph of democratic progress. It was obviously just as much an act of tyranny as it would have been if the majority of Americans had tried to force

their teetotal fellow-citizens to drink beer and whisky. I was a minor persecution due to a misunderstanding of the meaning of a word.

Obviously, of course, the minority must yield to the majority under democracy, but only on condition that its point-of-view is considered and that its rights are preserved. The minority in England at present sees the Government doing many things of which it disapproves, but at least it has the right to protest and to work actively for the overthrow of Mr. Chamberlain and his party. When Herr Hitler allows his minority —the concentration camps prove that there is a protesting minority even in Germany—to organise against him in the same fashion, he will be universally hailed as the arch-democrat he claims to be. At present his claim is based on the fact that he believes in the principle of self-determination for those Germans who agree with him, but not necessarily for anybody else, whether German or not.

Other words that are much misunderstood in various parts of the world to-day are "liberty" and "justice." Great nations are told ecstatically that they have at last won their liberty, and at the same time it is conveyed to them that they must not open their lips except to say "yes" to whatever their rulers tell them. It is as though a statesman were to announce that he was a passionate believer in free speech—for himself and for those who obey his orders. Half Europe has become a gaol in which the gaoler congratulates the prisoners on their freedom as he makes their fetters secure. There is apparently a kind of freedom called "German freedom" or "Russian freedom," which is much superior to the freedom in which people used to believe and enables those who possess it to feel free even without being free. This is said to induce a form of happiness unknown in democratic countries. Perhaps the word "freedom" is changing its meaning, or perhaps a new generation has arisen which does not understand the meaning of the word.

As for "justice," it is coming to mean merely taking what you want. It is not a definition that would have satisfied Socrates. Perhaps, however, "justice" is a word that has always been slightly misunderstood by the human race. In the name of justice poor people were once hanged for petty theft. In the name of justice harmless workers were transported for belonging to a trade union. There were just men before General Queipo de Llano. Oliver Cromwell took a cargo of justice over to Ireland and unloaded it with disastrous effects to the local population. Alva, I am sure, was professedly a just man, and I doubt whether anybody has ever gone out killing or persecuting his fellow-men on a grand scale in the name of injustice. Human beings use fine words to cover queer deeds as well as to express their ideals. No ruler has yet dared to say to his people: "I am unjust, cruel, tyrannical, an enemy of freedom." If he did, his people would probably think that he was being ironical.

I do not see much hope for the world in the near future unless statesmen begin to use words in their real meaning and to understand more clearly the words that other people use. One of the chief dangers to the peace of Europe at the present moment, for example, is that Herr Hitler not only misunderstands the words he uses himself, but misinterprets the simplest sentences uttered by democratic politicians. Thus, Mr. Arthur Greenwood expressed the wish—a wish that he has never concealed—that we might see the end of dictatorship. Herr Hitler, instead of examining the words to discover exactly what they meant, rushed blindly to the conclusion that Mr. Greenwood was a warmonger who had expressed his desire, if not his determination, to crush Germany and Italy. Infuriated, not by what Mr. Greenwood had said, but by what he himself misunderstood him to have said, Herr Hitler made a rousing speech to his followers on the assumption that Germany was being threatened with an armed invasion. Probably, even Mr. Greenwood's explanation will make little difference, for the will to misunderstand was never stronger than it is to-day.

It is all very bewildering in a world in which, since the introduction of cross-word puzzles, every home has a dictionary. We can only hope that this multiplicity of dictionaries will begin to show results in the next generation, and that even statesmen will then begin almost to understand the speech of common life.

Y. Y.

TRUTH IN ADVERTISING

SIR WILLIAM CRAWFORD is one of the recognised leaders of what is euphemistically called the advertising profession. The advertising agent has something in common with the barrister. For a suitable fee he is, presumably within certain limitations, willing to plead, more effectively than could his client, any cause which that client may put before him. So long as it does not too grossly offend his social conscience, it is to be assumed that he, like the barrister, is prepared to make the best even of a case that does not stir his own spontaneous enthusiasm. In other words, he is a professional advocate. But man is a creature actuated by mixed motives. Barristers can be public-spirited; and so, apparently, can the magnates of the advertising world. Sir William Crawford has just written, or sponsored, a really important book*; and the most cynical critic of advertising can but be disarmed by Sir William's ethical modesty—by his disclaimer of other than businesslike reasons for his undertaking and financing this valuable piece of social work and propaganda. He has organised a very elaborate inquiry into the nutritional habits and economic nutritional opportunities of a cross-section of the people of this country. He has tabulated these findings; and he has drawn certain valuable conclusions from them, conclusions of the highest social importance, and also—which alone he claims to be his special concern—of the highest commercial and "advertising" importance. One cannot help being attracted by his blend of honesty, good will, fundamental cynicism, and business acumen. The wheels of the world would probably run much more smoothly if such a well-blended mixture were more prevalent.

In *The People's Food*, Sir William Crawford deals with only one—but that perhaps the most fundamental—of human needs. In his Introduction, whilst expressing his consciousness of the great part that food plays in the health and prosperity of the people, he makes no pretence to a scientific knowledge of the special influences of minerals, vitamins, and other food constituents. Modestly and straightforwardly he says:

> As an Advertising Practitioner, the whole field of business is naturally my constant concern. One-third of our national income is devoted to the purchase of foodstuffs. Food represents a very large share of the business of this country—production, marketing, advertising. As the adviser of the producer and the salesman, the Advertising Practitioner must be capable of interpreting as well as influencing public demand; he must be able to delimit effective markets and forecast future trends.

A little later, he says that the inquiry on which his book is based represents an effort to measure how far the demand for different foodstuffs is likely to increase or decline in the coming years; where the markets for these products are to be found; and what are the deficiencies and defects in our present diet which in course of time will, if all is properly managed, be made good. "This survey of the people's food has been undertaken primarily with the object of advising the business world of coming changes in food consumption." At the same time, the author expresses the hope that his work may play some part in helping the public to raise its standard of diet, and in persuading agriculturists and distributors to make their more desirable products more widely and cheaply available.

He rightly stresses the truth that, if our diet were chosen primarily on the basis of its health value, the gain, not only to the individual but also to the nation, would be enormous, whether measured in efficiency, health or wealth. The factual

* *The People's Food.* By Sir William Crawford. Heinemann. 12*s.* 6*d.*

basis of the book is afforded by the evidence collected in the course of a detailed investigation into the weekly diets and daily meals of 18,500 individuals belonging to all classes, from families with a minimum of two resident servants and a high-priced car, to the occupants of two-room tenements and the cheaper Council houses; and here is an interesting table showing the average weekly "per caput" income and expenditure on foodstuffs in the homes of each of the five social classes into which the Crawford investigators have divided the population.

	Estimated Weekly per caput Income.	Estimated Weekly per caput Expenditure on Food, consumed in the Home.	Food Expenditure as a Percentage of Income.
	s. d.	s. d.	
Class AA	159 6	18 9	11.8
„ A	88 4	16 2	18.3
„ B	43 0	12 6	29.0
„ C	20 3	7 11	39.2
„ D	12 6	5 10	46.6

The facts revealed showed that the dietaries of nearly half the people of this country fall, in some constituent or other, below even the minimum nutritional standard laid down by the B.M.A. The deficiencies are especially marked in the so-called "protective" foods (milk, cheese, butter, eggs, green vegetables and fruit). It is these, rather than the heat and energy producing foods, that now need to be made available to, and brought within the means of, the poorer majority as well as the better-off minority. The author of *The People's Food* has come to the conclusion that "practically *all* members of the working class fall very considerably short in their intake of calcium, phosphorus, iron and all the vitamins." This, of course, but confirms and crosses the "t's" of the findings of Orr, M'Gonigle and other specialist students and investigators. But Sir William Crawford has carried the matter many yards farther.

Commenting on the various nutritional surveys which have lately been made, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION said in its last issue: "These are all to the good; but it would be better still if we could see more positive steps taken to carry out the advice and recommendation of the experts. Malnutrition is a crying evil up and down the country—and it is a remediable evil." Appeals to social benevolence are sometimes fruitful; but another kind of appeal is often far more effective.

If a given course of action can be shown to "pay" its promoters and organisers, there is a good chance of its being promoted; and it is to the advocacy of such a line of action that Sir William Crawford devotes the constructive part of his book. He recognises that there are in this country millions of people who, spend their money as wisely as they may, cannot possibly buy enough nourishing food to maintain the health of themselves and their families. On the other hand, he draws attention to the equally well-attested fact that there are millions of people who can afford to purchase at least a minimum adequacy of nourishing foods, yet, through lack of knowledge and information, fail to do so. The latter are already ripe for the harvest; and Sir William believes that the membership of the former class is likely steadily and materially to decline, through the progressive rise in the standard of living, the growth of the social conscience, and wisely directed political and economic propaganda—which is, of course, but another name for advertising.

In the course of an article titled "Does Truth Need Advertising?" which I contributed to *The Nation* twelve years ago, I suggested that, in our educational and propagandist efforts, we are too ready to assume that the mind of man is a kind of can or receptable into which truth can be poured, much as oil is poured into a lamp; whereas, in fact, truth and the human mind are mutually dependent, like thought and a thinker. There is, I said, a mystic chemistry of the mind, no less fundamental than the chemistry of the body. That it may do its work, we know that the body requires so much carbon, so much hydrogen, and so on. But it will not serve merely to throw into the furnaces of our body the necessary amount of carbon in the form of coal or charcoal, or hydrogen in the form of gas. Unless the minute amount of essential insulin is being coincidently emptied into our blood-stream, it is useless even to consume the required hydrogen and carbon in the usually suitable form of sugar. "There is an insulin of the mind, just as there is an insulin of the body; and the mind has to treat its pabulum with emotional ferments and essences before it can absorb and assimilate it." On the mental and emotional plane, it is the business of the advertising specialist to supplement crude statements of fact, or alleged fact, with that dose of psychic insulin necessary to make such statements assimilable by the normal mind. I added:

> One need not be a cynic to state that normal man does not lust for truth in a way similar to that in which he lusts for food or for a mate. From his birth to his death, man intellectually never rids himself of his swaddling-clothes. He is the constant, often seemingly passive, recipient of mental nourishment and stimulation through the propagandist zeal of others. When the knowledge that these offer him has relevance to his own wants, and is presented in such form as to demonstrate this relevance, his attention is arrested, his interest involved, and the proffered knowledge absorbed and metabolised. Indeed, the rousing of slumbering wants on a higher plane is a great part of the work of any worthy propaganda—political, religious, or even commercial.

The methods of the advertiser are, as Sir William Crawford says, those of the orator and the pleader. "Emotional persuasion without intellectual conviction is ephemeral; intellectual conviction without emotional persuasion is barren." It is impossible for anyone with a long experience of ordinary men and women to do other than agree with the argument that in this better-nutrition propaganda, if we mean business, "it will not suffice to preach the abstractions of science. Nor will it suffice merely to create a widespread uneconomic demand."

What are the immediate practical steps to be taken? For anything approaching an equalisation of economic, educational and social status, it is obvious—however optimistic our view—that we must wait for at least one or two decades. For an equalisation of opportunity to satisfy basic hygienic demands there is no need for such delay. Sir William Crawford advocates the immediate establishment of a Food Research Institute, which would carry out, not only biological investigations, but surveys regarding food consumption and the food market. Further, it should devise and organise schemes of educational propaganda for the purpose of directing "food consumption into the most valuable channels, schemes which would form the background to advertising campaigns for specific foodstuffs which producers and manufacturers might themselves launch."

Sir William Crawford asks: "Who shall initiate this research? Who shall sponsor such a campaign?" His answer is both "commercially sound" and spiritually entertaining:

> Surely those who would directly benefit from it. Often movements inspired by humanitarian motives have returned a hundredfold of economic gain. . . . If all those who are marketing and advertising foodstuffs to the British people to-day would contribute to a common fund only a small proportion of their expenditure on sales promotion, a new and invincible weapon would be forged for the campaign to promote national health. And at the same time, there would be an increased demand for many of the health-giving foodstuffs already on the market.

"Ideologists" may not like these "capitalist" motives and methods; but I have long since got into the way of thinking more about result than about intentions—they so often seem to have little to do with one another. I want to see poor people as well nourished and as well housed as are their luckier neighbours to-day. And I don't care by what means or through whose instrumentality or from what motives those results are obtained. That is why I think *The People's Food* such a practical and such a promising book.

HARRY ROBERTS

UNDER WHICH FLAG?

(Acknowledgements to Kipling)

Uncertainty as to the future sovereignty of Tanganyika Territory is destroying its social and economic structure. . . . The Government are fully aware of the uncertainty and anxiety . . . but they are not in a position to add to the pronouncements which have been made in the past.—*Times*, Oct. 25th.

A resolution was passed that a declaration should be sent to the King, if the Imperial Government did not within a short space of time announce that Tanganyika, now held under a League Mandate, would become a British Colony.—*Daily Telegraph*, Nov. 1st.

LORDS of Whitehall, give answer! They are whinnying to and fro—
And how can they answer at Whitehall what only the Führer can know?
Shall a rabble of rascal planters create a colonial snag?
They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp for the English flag!

Never a shore so thriving, where the Reich flag once was flown
But, forfeit of Britain's Empire, the Third Reich claims for its own,
Unfurling its standards to follow a Goebelised plebescite
From the waters of Lake Tanganyika to Kilimanjaro's height.

While big breeds arm and chaffer, while lesser breeds are swapped,
Shall mandates of the run-down League discover their right to opt?
The swastika swings to the zenith; the Führer screams to the mike;
And Whitehall stands to the halliards, waiting the word to strike.

Is the jackal robbed of its meat, is the weasel baulked of its prey?
They ha' cursed the loss of the Southern Cross and who shall say them nay?
They may not ask of England; they are whinnying to and fro—
But how can they answer at Whitehall when Whitehall does not know?

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

ULSTER AND EIRE

SIR,—The letters on Irish problems in your issue of October 29th emphasise yet again the great difficulty that exists for Englishmen who attempt to analyse and suggest remedies for present conditions in Ireland. The spiritual atmosphere of a country can only be estimated by one who has had long residence in that country, yet, after sitting for a few days on an unofficial commission for the National Council for Civil Liberties, Mr. Mallalieu feels qualified to state that so long as the terror of the Unionist machine "is allowed to continue Northern Ireland will be a source of danger to the Empire in case of trouble in Europe." Had Mr. Mallalieu taken his commission to Austria instead of Belfast and announced his intention to inquire into, say, unfair oppression of the Nazi minority, no one can doubt that the files of the commission would soon have been overflowing with hysterical complaints from a well-organised disloyal minority, while the opinion of the vast majority of contented and satisfied Austrian people went unrecorded. So it was in Northern Ireland. The Commission sat in St. Mary's Hall, a Roman Catholic building and a centre of Nationalist activity in Belfast and having published a report based on such one-sided evidence, it retired into silence and left the Belfast vice-presidents of the Council to bear the brunt of the criticism so justly earned by so partial and unfair a document. The Act of which your correspondents complain was designed to end the rule of the gun-bully in Ulster and all law-abiding citizens welcome its enforcement.

The brief history of Northern Ireland refutes the ridiculous suggestion that it could ever be a danger to the Empire in case of trouble in Europe. When the Empire was last embroiled in trouble in Europe, Ulster, where conscription was not in force, gave to England the historic Ulster Division, while Southern Irish republicans planned with Germany the downfall of England...

Your correspondents, lovers of civil and religious liberty, suggest that a British community should be forced into a State where at a meeting recently, the President of Sinn Fein declared, according to a report in the *Irish Independent*:

> I am still an unrepentant advocate of physical force and do not believe that anything can be got except by the armed force of the manhood of Ireland. . . . It is my hope that in this country there will be no peace in peace-time and no neutrality in war-time until the entire country is free from English domination; and I express the hope, coupled with the desire, that when England's difficulty provides Ireland with an opportunity the men and women of Ireland will not disgrace themselves by failing to seize that opportunity.

A predominantly Protestant people would be forced into a state of which it was said in the inaugural broadcast from the new radio department of the Vatican:

> The Irish people (as distinct from the descendants of English and Scots planters and colonists) were as profoundly Catholic to-day as before the Reformation. Experience having shown that the organs of government needed overhauling, the people of Ireland in 1937 gave themselves a new Constitution, thoroughly Catholic in the principles on which it was based. . . . The fundamental principles of the Constitution of Eire on such matters as the family, marriage, education, private property and of social justice in general, were in accord with the modern Papal Encyclicals dealing with these matters. . . . The spirit which gave the Irish nation life was admittedly the spirit of the Catholic Faith.

Your correspondents suggest too, that Northern Ireland is an expensive appendage to the United Kingdom. It is only necessary to quote from a speech of the Ulster Minister of Commerce in London last week:

> From our trade statistics we can calculate roughly that Northern Ireland took from Great Britain in 1937 approximately £39,000,000 worth of imports, of which about £30,000,000 consisted of manufactured goods. When we take account of our relatively small population we find that our consumption of British goods per head of population works out at £31 per annum, as compared with a *per capita* consumption of British goods of £4 7*s*. in South Africa, £5 in Australia, and £2 10*s*. in Canada. . . . In addition to this, however, we must not forget that Northern Ireland makes a contribution to the Imperial Exchequer, which, in the comparatively short period of the existence of the Northern Ireland Government, has in the aggregate reached a total of more than £27,000,000.

The people of Northern Ireland pay their income-tax and customs and excise duties into the British Exchequer in the same way as any other citizens of the United Kingdom, and so far from being a drag on the resources of England, Northern Ireland is proud to share its burdens.

There live in Northern Ireland to-day hundreds of families who fled there for sanctuary, leaving their murdered dead and burning homes, whose only crime was their Protestant birth. No detached English observer can gauge the effect of such memories on Irish minds. No English observer can understand why the chairman of the Northern Ireland Labour Party, an intelligent leader who can ill be spared from public life, was hounded out of his constituency by his Nationalist Labour constituents because his rightful support of the Spanish Government contravened the ecclesiastical dictates of the theological hierarchy to which his constituents subscribed.

Let England leave well alone. These two small States can become prospering separate entities as Norway and Sweden have done. There is free transfer for any malcontent to the State in which his political views predominate. To hand Northern Ireland over to the "patriot" who claimed American citizenship to escape when sentenced to death for shooting British soldiers, would be the most despicable in the growing series of betrayals for which the present Government has become notorious.

Temple, E.C.4. M. W. DENNISON

SIR,—My letter last week referred to the manipulation, without statutory authority, of Northern Ireland's financial relationship with the British Exchequer in such manner as to enable it to evade its full statutory obligations to contribute to Imperial expenditure. The point, of course, was that the Northern Ireland Government is only able to carry on by the extreme indulgence, in financial matters, of the British Government, which thereby incurs an added responsibility for the unjust and oppressive policy pursued by the Northern Ireland Government towards its large Nationalist minority. The extremely important aspects of these financial

manipulations in regard to national accountancy and constitutional practice I left for treatment elsewhere.

More light as to these manipulations has since escaped into the surrounding obscurity. Let me quote part of a paragraph from the *Times* correspondent in Belfast published (p. 19) on Saturday last:

> In view of the recent agreement between the British Government and the Northern Ireland Government, following the Anglo-Eire Agreement, to the effect that the British Treasury would meet in future, so long as the latter agreement continues, any deficit which might arise in the Northern Ireland Budget . . .

Here, then, is a further manipulation resting upon an agreement between London and Belfast which hitherto seems to have remained undisclosed. The paragraph ends in affirming:

> During the 17 years of its existence Northern Ireland has not only paid its way but contributed a net sum of over £10,000,000 to the British Treasury as Imperial contribution.

This latter item was expanded by a letter published on October 31st (p. 22) from the "Press Officer, Government of Northern Ireland, Agent in Great Britain" which declared that:

> since its establishment Northern Ireland has contributed in cash to the British Exchequer more than £27,500,000.

Dr. Goebbels himself could scarcely improve upon this. The Treasury figures are available down to the end of the financial year 1937-8 (Hansard, May 6th, 1937, Col. 1238, and July 28th, 1938, Cols. 3298-9). Your readers can verify what follows for themselves. Summarised they show how Northern Ireland, in the enjoyment of its extremely limited devolutionary powers, disposed of its own resources and contributed to the Imperial expenditure of the Empire to which its loyalty is so vigorously professed. Its own revenue has been supplemented by the transfer to it of the Land Purchase annuities of, roughly, £656,000 per annum. "During the 17 years of its existence," therefore, it has received from these annuities a total sum of upwards of £11 millions and from subsidies from the British Exchequer a total sum of well over £18 millions. Its total contributions to Imperial expenditure have been some £25 millions.

Thus according as you include or exclude the annuities which were "gifted" to Northern Ireland at its birth, its contribution to Imperial expenditure for the whole seventeen year period is either minus £4 millions or plus £7 millions. It is to be remembered, by way of contrast, that the Act which created Northern Ireland as a distinct subordinate economic entity contemplated that it should contribute every year to Imperial expenditure a sum of £7,920,000! And now after a period of years in which no net contribution whatever has been made, it has become necessary, apparently, for the British Exchequer to make itself liable by special agreement for Northern Ireland's budgetary deficits.

Is there any doubt, after this, that Mr. de Valera is right in holding the British Government responsible, legally, constitutionally, and in plain, hard fact for Northern Ireland, its policy and its suppression of its large Nationalist minority? It pays the piper. It is entitled, and able, to call the tune.

London. HENRY HARRISON

THE OXFORD ELECTION

SIR,—Opinions are bound to differ about the desirability of putting forward an Independent Progressive candidate at the Oxford by-election, though in fact there seems to have been remarkably little difference of opinion among active Labour Party workers in Oxford itself. I myself was hesitant when the suggestion was first put to me, both because I doubted whether there was time enough to organise a satisfactory campaign and because I was not sure whether the Labour voters would be prepared, at such short notice, to give Mr. Lindsay united support. Moreover, like others, I was uncertain what line either Mr. Gordon Walker himself, or Transport House, would take up; and, in common with the rest of the Labour people who supported Mr. Lindsay, I made it clear from the outset that I could not agree to any step which was likely to involve either a split in the local party or its disaffiliation by Transport House.

I was not in any way associated with the original invitation to Mr. Lindsay, and I came on the scene (having been out of Oxford) only after it had been given. When I did join in the discussions, still with an open mind, I found not the bunch of Communists and University intellectuals whose hidden hands Mr. Gordon Walker appears to descry in the affair, but the Chairman and Secretary of the constituency Labour Party, and with them most of the persons I have known best over a good many years as the protagonists of Oxford Labour—many of them, incidentally, so far from being in sympathy with Communism that I have always associated them with the most moderate wing of the party. No doubt the Communists favoured Mr. Lindsay's candidature; but it is entirely untrue that they were responsible for it. I did not, I think, meet a single Communist either in the course of discussions, or during the election itself.

What I heard at the discussions convinced me that the great majority of the active workers in the local Labour movement—including, of course, the Trade Unionists—wanted Mr. Lindsay to go forward, and wanted Mr. Gordon Walker to stand down for the moment, if the Liberal also could be induced to withdraw. But I still hesitated, until I had heard what Mr. Gordon Walker himself had to say. Accordingly, I and a few others met him and discussed the question. I cannot, of course, speak for the others; but I certainly carried away the strong impression that Mr. Gordon Walker, while he was himself doubtful whether it was wise for Mr. Lindsay to stand, based his doubts on the possibility of reprisals by Transport House rather than on any conviction that the proposed candidature was in itself a mistake, and was ready to acquiesce in whatever course the City Labour Party might decide to follow. So assured was I that this was his attitude, that I reported it in these terms to a meeting of Mr. Lindsay's supporters, and thereafter gave my backing to his candidature.

As soon as it was settled that the Liberal and Labour candidates should be withdrawn and that Mr. Lindsay should go forward with the support of both parties, Mr. Gordon Walker informed not only me, but also many others, that he would give Mr. Lindsay his support. I was therefore more than surprised when, at the height of the all too brief campaign, there appeared in the *Daily Herald* a letter signed by Mr. Gordon Walker denouncing the Lindsay candidature as a betrayal of the Labour Party. Apparently Mr. Gordon Walker did not regard the publication of this letter as inconsistent with his pledges of support. Indeed, in spite of it, he appeared on Mr. Lindsay's platforms and urged Labour electors to vote for him. But, unless his wits had gone into a complete temporary eclipse, he must surely have known that he could have done nothing more damaging to the candidate for whom he was asking the Labour electors to vote than to publish in the leading Labour newspaper a denunciation of the putting forward of that same candidate as a betrayal of the Labour Party.

Logic, I fear, is not Mr. Gordon Walker's academic subject. He complains in his letter that Mr. Lindsay's candidature was financed from middle-class sources, and that no attempt was made to raise a working-class fund on his behalf. The answer is simple. The workers of Oxford had already built up a fund to support Mr. Gordon Walker. As this fund belonged to the Labour Party, it could not be used without a breach of trust to finance an independent candidate. Were Mr. Lindsay's supporters, with hardly a week before the poll, to set out to collect from the workers a second supply of pence? Or was the sensible course for those of us who could better afford the money to put our hands into our pockets, leaving the workers free to build up the Labour Party's funds with a view to the next General Election?

Mr. Gordon Walker even makes it a complaint against Mr. Lindsay that he announced during the by-election that he would not stand again for the constituency. But Mr. Lindsay's Labour supporters regarded it as highly important that this should be made clear, in order that nothing should be done to prejudice the running of a Labour candidate (Mr. Gordon Walker himself, or another) at the next election. We were backing Mr. Lindsay because, in the tremendous emergency created by the Munich terms, we felt it imperative that there should be a solid opposition demonstration against the Government. The emergency justified the candidature; but we reserved full freedom of action for the Labour Party in the future. If Mr. Lindsay had meant to stand again, this freedom would have been compromised by supporting him. As he did not, it was in no way compromised; and it was a matter of plain honesty to tell the electors the facts.

Mr. Gordon Walker complains that the election was fought entirely on foreign policy. If he had heard Mr. Lindsay's speeches, he would have had to modify this statement; for, in fact, Mr. Lindsay talked a good deal about home affairs, particularly unemployment. Let us, however, agree that the election was fought primarily on foreign policy. What is extraordinary is that, at a time like the present, Mr. Gordon Walker appears to regard a preoccupation with foreign policy as the prerogative of the intellectual classes. From what I have seen of the working classes in recent weeks I do not think he will find many of them to agree with him. Is A.R.P., which was much spoken of in the

election, merely a middle-class fad? Is the spread of dictatorships, which dissolve Trade Unions, beat down wages, and confine working-class leaders in concentration camps, merely a matter of academic interest? From what I saw of the Oxford electors, they were pretty much like people elsewhere. Workers and middle classes together, they wanted for the moment to talk about foreign policy much more than about anything else. And no wonder.

But it appears that even on foreign policy Mr. Lindsay was unsatisfactory. "No stand," says Mr. Gordon Walker, "was taken for the rights of the Spanish Government," and "this issue was in consequence never mentioned at all in the whole election." Really! I read in Mr. Lindsay's election address: "Do not ratify the Anglo-Italian Agreement without a complete withdrawal of intervention in Spain." And I both made, and heard made by others, plenty of strong references to the Spanish question in the course of the election campaign.

Mr. Gordon Walker goes on to say that the Churchillian Conservatives were "offered an alliance without even the prior condition that they should come out into open opposition against the Government." Who offered them an alliance, with or without terms? I heard nothing of such an alliance. Certain Conservatives worked and spoke for Mr. Lindsay; but I am not aware that they were Churchillites, or what better sign of their opposition to the Government they could have given than their coming out in opposition to the Government candidate.

But enough of this. Mr. Gordon Walker has said so many different and inconsistent things just lately that it is not easy to take him very seriously now. The best answer to his arguments is the voting, which, on a largely increased poll, halved the Government majority in what has been regarded as a safe Conservative seat, despite the shortness of the campaign and further despite the fact that the two strongest Labour wards in Oxford are outside the limits of the parliamentary constituency. The Oxford Labour electors *did* vote for Mr. Lindsay, even though Mr. Gordon Walker did what he could, in the middle of the election, to create, by his allegation of a betrayal, the very weakness and confusion which he now professes to deplore. If he had said plainly at the outset that he was against Mr. Lindsay's standing and meant to denounce his candidature, I for one should have done my best to prevent Mr. Lindsay from going on, because I would not have risked splitting the Oxford Labour Party. But Mr. Gordon Walker did nothing of the sort. He left some of us with the definite impression that he would loyally endorse a majority decision, and others apparently with a quite different impression. I give him the credit of believing that the reason for this was that he genuinely found it difficult to make up his own mind, and therefore said now one thing and now another. But his *Daily Herald* letter was inexcusable, except on the assumption of temporary insanity; and I, at any rate, find it hard to regard him now as a perfectly righteous martyr in the cause of the workers, crucified by a mob of dons and Communists in order to save the people from the deadly sin of adopting extraordinary measures in order to deal with an extraordinary situation.

Freeland, Holders Hill Road, G. D. H. COLE
Hendon, N.W.4.

INTERNATIONAL HOSPITAL IN CHINA

SIR,—We believe that China's heroic resistance will in the end lead to victory. We believe that the recent articles on China in the *Times* show this to be true, and would like to echo the writer's concluding words: "It is hard not to share the confidence of the leaders that in the long run they will win."

Everyone hopes that our Government will help the Chinese to regain their complete freedom and independence. No better way could be found of establishing a secure peace in the Far East. But the cost of this war is heavy, and individuals can help very greatly. For one cause we plead particularly at the moment. It is for assistance to the new International Peace Hospital that is being set up in South Shansi. This hospital will be a symbol of the sympathy that people all over the world feel for China. Many countries will contribute to its upkeep. But as it was originally a British suggestion, we are most keen that the sums going out from this country shall be very large.

All sorts of people in China are giving their services. The Chinese Red Cross is supporting 100 beds, the Army Service Medical Corps is providing doctors and nurses. Dr. Richard Brown, a Canadian missionary surgeon, is in charge of the hospital and his salary is paid by the Canadian Church Mission. The task of sending supplies is in the hands of the China Defence League, of which T. V. Soong is President and Mme. Sun Yat Sen Chairman. They can guarantee to get supplies through, even though Canton and Hankow have fallen into Japanese hands. For the hospital is in the North-West, serving a huge area previously unprovided with hospitals, where the wounded had to be transported for thousands of miles with disastrous results. Mission buildings already in existence are being taken over and equipped. The surgeons and nurses are ready.

All that is needed is money. The cost of a bed is only 10*s.* a month. Will you give very generously? Armistice Day, November 11th, is here, and can there be any more fitting remembrance of the last great European war than to help those who are suffering from war in China?

ISHBEL ABERDEEN AND TEMAIR
F. LEWIS DONALDSON
(Archdeacon of Westminster)
HAVELOCK ELLIS
A. D. HALL
SOMERVILLE HASTINGS
STORM JAMESON
J. C. LITTLE
(General Secretary, A.E.U.)
DESMOND MACCARTHY
RADSTOCK
HANNEN SWAFFER
W. J. R. SQUANCE
(General Secretary, A.S.L.E. & F.)
R. H. TAWNEY
W. L. WARDLE
(President of the Methodist Conference)

China Campaign Committee,
Parliament Mansion,
Orchard Street, S.W.1.

BAD FOR OTHER PEOPLE

SIR,—Y.Y. gives a provocative viewpoint, but I cannot help wondering how much of his argument would be rendered null if approached from the angle of the guest. Does he wish seriously to imply that a guest would *want* to eat meat at a vegetarian's expense, or to smoke in the house of one who hates tobacco? If, for instance, the pleasure of being entertained by Mr. Irvine does not outweigh that of smoking a cigar why allow Mr. Irvine to put himself to the trouble of entertaining you? P. B.

43 Earlsfield Road, S.W.18.

WHAT IS THE SOLUTION?

SIR,—A month has passed since the crisis, and yet—apart from two of your leading articles—there is painfully little to show as the result of constructive thinking in Left circles on international affairs. Neither destructive criticism of Munich nor the plea that we must return to a League policy is going to fire the popular imagination sufficiently to secure the overthrow of the Government. Moreover, Opposition candidates will be confronted each time by the cry that their policy means war. Oxford has been lost and we shall continue to lose on that issue.

Munich has created a new situation and, bad as that situation is, we have to present a policy relevant to these changed conditions. I suggest that the first plank of the Opposition programme should be the immediate summoning of a world-conference to examine territorial grievances and the possibilities of collateral disarmament. The value of this proposal is tactical rather than practical. It would be difficult for Hitler to ignore the invitation and the agenda of the conference would in some degree forestall his demands. Probably, however, the conference would achieve little. Let us suppose that it breaks down. The importance of summoning it is that its failure would justify this country in forming a Peace Front with France and Russia. The act of disentangling ourselves from a Four-Power pact and establishing a Peace Front would be less capable of being regarded as aggressive since it would be a defensive measure necessitated by the collapse of the conference.

The distinction between a Peace Front and the League needs to be emphasised. The Front would not be saddled with Versailles; it would not undertake obligations which for moral or military considerations it could not fulfil. At first the smaller democracies might have to be excluded. Secondly, whereas the League was designed to settle disputes between its members, the Front would deal only with acts of aggression from outside. Thirdly, it would be an attempt to build up an international sovereignty, inasmuch as a joint council would direct foreign and military policy. The Front would also aim at developing an economic plan, thus providing the nucleus of that security for which the world is desperately seeking.

Such a programme is not immune from difficulties, but this indicates the need for exploring it carefully. Nor is it an original

proposal, but it has not yet been presented in a manner likely to rally public opinion in its support. The alarming feature of the present situation is not merely that the Government are relying on a day-to-day opportunism, but that the progressive forces are failing to convince the nation that their policy does not mean war and, indeed, points to the one direction where hope lies. We have all the cards in our hand, but we are not playing them. And meanwhile we are drifting nearer to the edge of the abyss.

KENNETH INGRAM

Miscellany

CUBISM AND FUNCTIONALISM

IT is sometimes said that functionalism is the child of cubism. That is not true. What does seem to be true is that functionalism, as a movement, has absorbed cubism. Cubism is moribund; whereas functionalism, as a movement, as a programme, is lively enough: as a theory, it has existed for years. The movement which, at the cost of some loss of integrity, is now spreading far and wide and has penetrated even into council chambers and Government offices, is likely to leave a mark on the face of Europe and America. Cubism, on the other hand, may soon be forgotten by all save professional rememberers; and before that happens it would be an act of piety to outline its history and the history of its relations with the larger and more conspicuous movement.

The story goes that Princet, the actuary, who certainly was mixed up with the young painters at the beginning of the century, was working out a geometrical problem in a café, when Picasso looked over his shoulder and remarked, "*C'est beau.*" Though the mathematician imagined that the compliment was intended for his solution, it was in fact addressed to the diagram; and cubism was born. That is the story: it may be true, but it is quite unnecessary, for cubism is the logical outcome of a radical reaction against naturalism. Once admit, as most of us did, that the cognitive element in a work of art is an embarrassment, and you must agree that an artist cannot make his forms too abstract. If his first duty be to clear away such shreds of irrelevant realism as still cling to the most thoroughly stylised versions of natural forms, in the end he is bound to come to the most purely unrepresentative forms of all—cones and circles, cubes, triangles and parallelograms. Whether anyone, save Picasso, did succeed in producing a first-rate picture which was wholly unrepresentative I doubt; but Braque, Léger or Gris might have done so, and Marcoussis made some pretty and perfectly abstract paintings. The service, however, which cubism rendered at a critical moment was not to produce masterpieces but to impose a discipline. After the first glorious outburst of *fauve* art, liberty might have degenerated into slovenliness had not the cubists been at hand to remind young painters that, freed from the rule of representation, they were yet bound by the more exacting laws of proportion and harmony. And it was under these conditions that several artists—Gris and Marchand, and perhaps Matisse and Derain—gave their best.

Up to 1918, I should say, the influence of cubism was almost wholly beneficent; and few post-impressionist painters of importance but were touched by it. Matisse was: Bonnard, Vuillard and Sickert were not, but they belong rather to the impressionist tradition of Renoir and Degas. Not till after the war did cubism show unmistakable signs of becoming academic. Academies believe, not only that there is an absolute right and wrong in matters of taste, but that they possess the right. They believe that there is a unique and teachable method of making art; and to this end they supply rules, tricks and conventions, which they impose in the name of ascertained truth. They set up standards to be accepted, and examples to be imitated. They dogmatise, and proclaim that outside their church is no salvation. Somewhere in the "twenties," while Picasso was experimenting in the manner of Ingres and Raphael and the Greeks, the lesser cubists donned cap and gown and set up pulpits. They began to teach and to preach. Gleize and Metzinger expounded the doctrine in pamphlets. Ozenfant laid down the Law *ex cathedra*.

It must have been about this time that cubism became involved in functionalism. The only reason I can see for claiming functionalism as the outcome of cubism is that the name is newer. But about functionalism the name only is new, the idea having been current these fifty years at least. Ever since architects took to smothering their buildings with ready-made decoration supplied by the yard, decent people, in the name of reason and taste, have been beseeching them to give over. As long ago as 1890, Mr. Laver rather surprisingly reminds us, the bicycle was hailed as a functionalist triumph, and commended for "its sincerity, the obvious working of its wheels and cogs, its lightness and purpose in design." Before the war Roger Fry had called attention to the Kodak building in Kingsway, suggesting that it might be the best bit of modern architecture in London: its merit consisting, he said, in "sheer reasonableness." And even I, about 1911, pointed out the aesthetic superiority of a tin shed in Francis Street to the row of ornate Gothic shops which had sprung up hard by.

How well such sentiments accord with the cubist doctrine is clear. Cubism likewise denounced superfluity. The bare bones and muscles, the architecture as we used to say, of a picture was all that signified. The forms and relations of forms were the essence; the representational elements mere excrescences, which concealed structure and hampered pure appreciation. Ornament was anathema. In the "twenties," therefore, it was natural for young and austere architects, in revolt against the be-knighted purveyors of ready made old-world beauty and resolved, making no mystery of their methods, to work in the materials of their age—steel, concrete and glass—it was natural, I say, for these, to ally themselves with a sympathetic school which enjoyed already a name and some standing. Also it seemed appropriate that these allied painters and craftsmen should be charged with the furnishing and

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plenishing—for I must not say decoration—of the new functionalist buildings.

Though it was natural for functionalism to ally itself with cubism, it was quite illogical; for a cubist picture is the most unfunctional sort of picture imaginable. It is the only sort which cannot possibly have any function whatever other than aesthetic. It cannot be useful; it can only be beautiful. A picture which represents may conceivably perform all sorts of offices—moral, political, philanthropic, aphrodisiac, edifying or minatory; but a cubist picture, philosophically considered, is the purest form of decoration. The cubist painters, however, were moralists and mathematicians rather than philosophers; also they had to eat. Wherefore, it was the most natural thing in the world that they, honest, poor and puritan, should ally themselves with architects who, for the most part, suffered from similar virtues. And, as by this time cubism was a dwindling force, it was also natural that it should soon be swallowed by the larger and stronger movement.

Functionalism was bound to be a wider movement than cubism because, for one thing, whereas cubism was, or rather had been, aesthetic, functionalism was an ethical affair; and for one person who takes an interest in art ten thousand take an interest in morals. The cubist painter would have been forced to admit that if his pictures were better than Renoir's that was because they were more beautiful—more aesthetically satisfying he might have said: if they were not, that was because Renoir was better at combining forms and colours. The functionalists maintained that a block of flats by Le Corbusier or a hospital by Wells Coates was superior to Hampton Court or the Salute because it was more candid in construction, better adapted to its purpose, and did not pander to a base lust for ornament. Politics soon were dragged in, and almost anyone can get excited about politics. So was biology; and the products of the Bauhaus were pronounced by no less an authority than Professor Moholy-Nagy to be "biologically correct." Thus irrelevant decoration, which we had been content to call ugly, was now found to be baleful, bourgeois and unbiological. Besides, was not ornament of any kind frivolous and extravagant, an example of what Veblen considers the ruling passion of the rich and calls "conspicuous waste"? Whereas the honest, unadorned art of the functionalists expressed the aspirations of a class-conscious proletariat; though for the moment, it must be admitted, labourers appear to prefer the public-house style.

Nevertheless, functionalism performed for young architects much the same service that cubism had performed for painters. It eliminated a deal of trash and called attention to essentials. That done, all was done that could profit art and artists; for there is no more one right way of building a house than there is of making a picture or cooking an egg. As an artistic force functionalism was spent; but not as a moral. So functionalists became righteous, too often self-righteous; and when righteousness comes in at the door we all know where art goes. What takes its place is craft, the puritan's substitute. Puritan dislike of ornament, of delight for delight's sake, is notorious. Also, Puritans are apt to fear representation, which may explain the fact that the art they have disliked least is abstract art. It might be instructive to compare cubism with that iconoclastic movement which ravaged the Eastern empire in the eighth century. For it now seems clear that a wave of puritanism, spreading north and west from Islamic lands, had as much to do with the war on images as the economic causes on which up-to-date historians prefer to dwell.

At a recent exhibition of modern building and planning in the New Burlington Galleries I was oppressed by some ubiquitous spirit, neither aesthetic nor utilitarian, which seemed to give unity to the display. For a while I could not make out what it was. Gradually I was reminded of exhibitions by guilds of art and craft, and I realised that the pervasive offence was the smell of conscious virtue. These towns and houses, these door-knobs and garden seats, were made by the good for the good. The new world, as forecast by this exhibition, would certainly not be beautiful, and did not look to me as though it would be particularly comfortable; but it was to be high-minded.

This odour of uplift, however, was not the first thing to strike my senses as I entered the gallery. Like everyone else, presumably, I was hit first in the ear by the drone of a sort of cuckoo-clock lugubriously repeating an apophthegm of Sir Henry Wotton's (paraphrased from Vitruvius)—"Commoditie, Firmenes, Delight": the modern craftsmen insisted on the old-world spelling. The firmness of these steel and concrete buildings may, I fear, be taken for granted. And of the commodity it is for those who live in glass houses to judge. The only time I dined in a functionalist house my hostess fell downstairs—down the companion-ladder I should say—and broke her leg, which may, of course, have been convenient. But where was the delight?—not in falling downstairs, but in the exhibition, I mean. Absence of delight from cubist painting and functionalist building and furniture accounts, I believe, for the mortal sickness of one and unsatisfactoriness of the other. For delight, rightly or wrongly, is what the heart desires, and an art without delight is born wanting. Delight, in one of its ten million transformations, is, I suspect, the living content of art; and things which lack it are, like machine-made goods, empty. Now "vulgar," "sentimental," "extravagant" are all damaging epithets, and with none of them can cubist or functionalist productions justly be fitted. But "empty" is lethal. And empty is just what most cubist and functionalist productions are felt to be. We can respect them; but I defy anyone to delight in them; for, as we learnt at school, Nature—and Nature includes human nature—abhors a vacuum. That, I am persuaded, is why the desperate imaginings of the Surrealists and the contortions of Neo-Baroque stand a better chance with the future than the honourable canvases of Léger and the virtuous villas of Le Corbusier.

CLIVE BELL

SUPPORTING PROGRAMME

SLOWLY, very slowly, the average exhibitor is learning to pay serious attention to the shorter films on his programme. The days when he bought his shorts as a packer might buy shavings—by quantity alone, will soon, let us hope, be forgotten. Good commercial films like *Dead End* or *Mr. Deeds* tend to create a demand for more intelligent feature films, and a few more documentaries like *North Sea* or *The River* should drive the sham-romantic travelogue and the facetious commentator out of the cinemas for ever. Soon, too, there will be more time to fill up, with the probable collapse of the indigestible double-feature programme caused by the general slow-up of production and the increasing number of very long films like *Marco Polo*, *Marie Antoinette* and *You Can't Take It With You*. There is now so much first-class material available that I wish everybody would bombard his local manager with a request for better shorts.

This material comes under four main categories: (a) Walt Disney, (b) news reels, (c) March of Time, (d) documentaries, mainly English. I put Disney first because I am still under the spell of six new cartoons shown to the press the other day. These establish more firmly than ever his enormous superiority over his commercial rivals (there have been some brilliant individual experiments). Non-Disney cartoons are often ingenious, sometimes even amusing; but their lack of charm, crude colour, and the hideous and unpleasant figures whose adventures they describe forbid us to mention them in the same breath. I fancy that a nation-wide vote for Disney or Pseudo-Disney would take managers by surprise; they little suspect how often, when we hesitate before a cinema, the discovery of a Silly Symphony in the programme becomes the deciding factor. Of the new cartoons one, *Merbabies*, is pure enchantment from beginning to end; when it is over you feel as though you had been rushed through a combined Aquarium and National Gallery in an express

bath-chair, and long to see it all over again. Never has Disney's invention been more various and delicate than in the procession on the floor of the sea, a sequence of strange and lovely submarine tints as dazzling as a score of Rimsky-Korsakov. *Farmyard Symphony* shows once more his minute and loving observation of animal movement.

News reels are too big a question to be tackled in a brief article, but it may be noted that the standard of courage and objectivity is far lower than in responsible journalism, and that this fact is due, not to the censorship (news reels are not censored) but to the timidity and illiberal, class-bound outlook prevailing among large groups of distributors and exhibitors. Though recent Paramount bulletins have been showing a bolder spirit, our news reels could generally learn much from the American-born *March of Time*. I have yet to hear of a cinema audience which does not welcome these vital twenty-minute presentations of the leading problems and events of the day; the last two were particularly interesting. *Britain and Peace*, a study of the crisis in the light of Hitler's plans for world dominion, was so outspoken that it passed the Censor only with difficulty: it exposed, for instance, Hitler's Bureau of War Psychology which carefully tests the reaction of British residents abroad to air raids, and it dared to say that the condoning of Japan's invasion of China in 1931 was the first and fatal breakdown in the policy of collective security. A commonplace in the intelligent press, such an admission is revolutionary on the screen; and the *March of Time* is now shown regularly in more than a thousand British cinemas. The current issue includes a sketch of the career of Roosevelt's new neighbour, New York's black Messiah, which cannot fail to amuse and instruct: "Ah'm a free gift to the world," declares Father Divine, "gratis to mankind."

In the past exhibitors have been slow to draw upon the large mass of English documentaries: no doubt the word frightened them. But lately pictures like *North Sea* and *Night Mail* have been widely booked, and have proved very popular. The admirable work being done by the G.P.O. Film Unit, the Strand Company and the Gas Industry deserves the widest recognition and encouragement; not only are many of their films excellent entertainment, but they perform a valuable social service. It is impossible to see a good documentary without increased respect and admiration for one's fellow-men, those decent millions who peg away at their job (and often obviously enjoy it), finding efficiency no bar to humour and humanity. Many of these documentaries are not intended for theatrical use, but those which are have to keep a sharp eye on "entertainment value." The attempts of the Gas Industry to drive home nutrition lessons by means of elaborate production numbers are not quite successful, but anything is better than the appalling facetious commentator. G.B.I. are running a "Secrets of Life" Series, of which one is at present to be seen at the Curzon; it shows, in a series of beautiful photographs, the life of the river trout, but the commentary attempts to reduce their actions to terms of human vulgarity; thus, when the trout waggles itself, the silky, smug voice murmurs: "Ah, temper, temper!"; the female is introduced by "Here is Mrs. Trout, *she* doesn't have to do any knitting"; and the young emerging from its egg is said to be "giving an imitation of a snail in a nudist colony." I wonder how many people really like this sort of thing. It is true that the English commentator, when not being funny, is inclined to be dull; we have achieved nothing so good in this line as Hemingway's *Spanish Earth* and whoever it was who spoke the text of *The River*. A fatal suggestion of the cheery B.B.C. announcer is liable to spoil the finest direction and photography. But I have spent the last few days seeing not three or four big films, but about a score of short ones; and the experience is most encouraging; the flaws in these films are outweighed by their sincerity and reality; and it is difficult to imagine an audience so stupid that it would not enjoy the Strand Zoo Films, Elton's *Oil from the Earth*, Taylor's *Dawn of Iran*, the new G.P.O. *Big Money*, their *Line to the*

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Tschierva Hut, or Shaw's *The Children's Story*, a picture of Scottish education. And there are plenty more. It is up to the film-goer to remind managers continually that all this talent is to be had for the asking. PETER GALWAY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Elisabeth of Austria," at the Garrick

There is history in this play, but little else; and in the theatre there must be some interpretation of the facts. Any attempt to dramatise the life of the Empress Elisabeth (involving, as it did, the major events of contemporary history) must result in a series of *tableaux vivants*, but it is regrettable that the authors, Miss Katriona and Miss Elizabeth Sprigge, are concerned less with portrayal of character than reproduction of incident. The play opens with Elisabeth—the bare-footed, carefree hoyden—meeting the Emperor Franz Josef for the first time, and ends with the news of her assassination forty-five years later. It is a story which, with imaginative treatment, would make a very moving play. Her romantic friendship with Ludwig, the mad King of Bavaria (excellently played by Mr. Richard Ainley); the jealousy aroused by her contemptuous regard for court life; the tragedy of her son's suicide at Mayerling—each of these episodes is material for a play in itself. The principal merit of this production is the magnificent performance of Miss Wanda Rotha, a young Hungarian actress, who is making her London début in the name-part. She has strength and dignity, and her acting in the scene with Ludwig gives the play a momentary poetic beauty. There is a strong cast and Miss Rotha is well supported by Mr. Gyles Isham, as the Emperor, and Mr. Charles Hickman, as Rudolf. Miss May Agate gives the Duchess Ludovika a scintillating charm which contrasts admirably with the peevish nature of the Archduchess Sophie—excellently played by Miss Tonie Edgar Bruce.

La Flèche d'Or

La Flèche d'Or at Tooth's Gallery, always a fine show, is this year unusually so. Cézanne (not quite at his deepest), Renoir at his most alluring, Corot, Pissarro, Sisley (in a ravishing Thames scene) are all admirably presented in the big room. The quality of the company appears from the fact that here Boudin looks trivial and Signac quite absurd. Degas takes highest honours with *Femme au tub*. Is it possible, one wonders, to draw better? And the infinitely subtle colour of this magnificent pastel is hardly less thrilling than the drawing. If *Baigneuse Couchée* is not quite its match, that is probably on account of a certain awkwardness in the pose of the model, which also seems responsible for a moment's uncertainty in the drawing of the calf and ankle of her farther leg. To compete with such masterpieces is for living painters a severish test. Bonnard and Picasso emerge triumphant. The young loveliness of the latter's *Saltimbanques* (1905)—a harlequin piece with one of those ghastly white houses in the background—and the grave perfection of his *Femme au Chignon* (1909), both bring to the spectator that sense of irrational rightness, of a fluke that was a certainty from the first, which is the consecration of a master. Rouault and Utrillo, too, though not on the same level, are not discountenanced by their grand company; but perhaps it would have been kinder to omit the works of Derain and Dufy. A show to be visited and revisited.

"Le Bonheur," at the Curzon

This film is based on a characteristic Bernstein play; for about half its length it is enjoyable, but thereafter one looks in vain for rational motive or consistent character. Philippe Lutcher (Charles Boyer), a revolutionary cartoonist, is sent to sketch Clara Stuart (Gaby Morlay), a dazzling film-star, on her return to Paris. Some time later he waits for her at a stage door and shoots her, not fatally. During the trial he reveals himself as a violent *anti-social* who had picked out the actress merely because her great popularity would focus the maximum attention on the crime. The trial scene, if a little long, is brilliantly done; but the English sub-titles do their best to make nonsense of the situation by referring to Philippe not as an anarchist, but as the exact opposite—a Communist. The actress, intent on *réclame*, asks for his acquittal; he scornfully rejects her help, and by so doing really touches her. There being nothing but anarchy and *amour* in Philippe, and little but *amour* and dazzle in Clara, we soon lose interest in their subsequent emotional entanglement. French sentimentality is worse than American or English, for it is the sentimentality of people who know better. But the film offers such compensations in the photography and the personal distinction of M. Boyer that we almost forget its essential unreality.

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THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, November 12th—

International Student Service Conference. Speakers include Lieut.-Comdr. E. P. Young, Miss Sheila Grant Duff and Prof. R.W. Seton-Watson, University College, 10.30. And on Nov. 13th.

National Council for Civil Liberties Week-end Conference: "Without the Law—Subject Peoples and Refugees," Digswell Park, Welwyn Garden City.

SUNDAY, November 13th—

Miss Marjorie Bowen: "The Religious Impulse in English Poetry," Conway Hall, 11.

Dr. R. Winner: "Problems of Central Europe," 153 Finchley Road, 6.15.

London Theatre Concert, Cambridge Theatre, 8.30.

MONDAY, November 14th—

Autumn Exhibition of London Group, New Burlington Galleries.

Recital by Mabel Ritchie of Songs by Delius, Purcell, Bax, Walton and Arne. Wigmore Hall, 5.30.

E. Wilmott: "The Truth about A.R.P.," 39 Doughty St., 8.30.

"The Robust Invalid," Apollo.

TUESDAY, November 15th—

Rev. James Barr, M.P.: "The Politics of Pacifism," Friends House, 1.20.

Dr. Manfred Sandmann: "The Modern Approach to Romance Philology," Bedford College, 5.30. Also November 22nd.

Sir W. David Ross: "The Development of Aristotle's Thought," University College, 8.15.

Prague Philharmonic Orchestra, Queen's Hall, 8.30.

WEDNESDAY, November 16th—

Michael MacOwen: "General Principles in Play Production," Guild Theatre Studio, 3 Roger Street, W.C.1, 6.15. First of three lectures.

B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra Concert, Queens Hall, 8.15.

"Gentleman Unknown," St. James.

THURSDAY, November 17th—

Dudley Collard: "Soviet Justice and the Moscow Trials," 153 Finchley Road, 8.15. Tickets 1s.

Royal Philharmonic Society Concert, Queens Hall, 8.15.

R. H. S. Crossman: "The New Dark Ages," Friends House, 8.30.

"The Heart was not Burned," Gate

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Enemies of Promise, by Cyril Connolly (Routledge, 10*s.* 6*d.*), has an ambiguous title and the book itself is so ambiguous that different readers will see in it two different books—and one set of readers, at all events, will not suspect that they have missed anything. It sets out to be a survey of the literature of the last twenty years and of the dangers and temptations which beset the path of young writers. The earlier chapters are devoted to an analysis of a new battle of the books—the conflict between the practitioners of the mandarin style (Aldous Huxley, Mrs. Woolf, Lytton Strachey) and the writers in the vernacular (Hemingway, Wyndham Lewis, Stein, Joyce). Readers who are satisfied with Connolly's survey of modern literature will perhaps smile indulgently when they reach part three, in which the author insists on presenting his credentials as a critic. It seems so unnecessary, considering the quality of what has gone before, but they will read on, thinking the serious part of the book is over and that they are being amused with childish things. That is the book as many people will read it. But to me what is printed last is essential to an appreciation of what is printed first, and my advice is to begin by opening the book at the portrait of the author, aged 15, wearing the uniform of an Eton schoolboy, on page 185. The photograph is worth studying carefully: the fresh little face with its ears spread under the brim of the top-hat is sensitive, clever and curiously mature. One can see, too, that the child has experienced suffering and has been forced to learn a lot of tricks to dodge it. It is the face of a child of course—but also of an actor who knows that at all costs the audience must be pleased and that if they stop laughing they will start throwing things—it reminds one, too, of some sensitive small animal that can never forget that away from the lights of the circus there are hot irons. Actually there were:

> Nobody would have believed that he could make me stand on a mantelpiece and dance while he brandished a red-hot poker between my feet, and said, "What is your name?" "Connolly." "No—what is your name? Go on. Say it." "Ugly." "All right, Ugly, you can come down."

* * *

Part Three, entitled *A Georgian Boyhood*, which, in my opinion, should be read first, is the history of Connolly's education from infancy until he won a scholarship for Balliol. It differs from almost all accounts of schooldays that I can remember in combining exact memory with intellectual detachment and lack of sentimentality. Connolly has forgotten nothing and he tells all, but without a trace of heat, of self-love or of self-pity. Perhaps in another ten or fifteen years' time he will be able to see the years which followed in the same wintry focus. The end of *Enemies of Promise* may prove to be the beginning of a truly great autobiography. It is wiser to think only of the bird in the hand: to appreciate at its true value this damning analysis of modern education. From the beginning Connolly was taught to be a snob. There was his Grannie who worshipped him, living in poor lodgings, and there was Ireland, full of big houses, belonging to his aristocratic relations, to which he longed to be invited, but in which he was not at home, and felt inferior, and a hybrid.

> My appetite for Gaelic and ghosts waxed and waned with my craving for titles. There were evenings when I wanted to kill myself because I was not the O'Grady of Killballyowen. Why had my father not got a title? It was heartless—anguishing—why be born, why live at all if I could not have one? Nobody understood me. Nobody cared. . . . Such were those early excesses that to-day I cannot listen to any discussion of titles or open a peerage without feeling sick, as from the smell of rubber steps and stale whisky on the stairway of a Channel boat.

From his Grannie he learned that by working up a state of indecision in which he was unable to choose between two toys, or two kinds of cake, he could usually get both. His private school produced equally fruitful lessons, but it brought also the experience of love.

> Being in love had a peculiar meaning for me. It meant a desire to lay my personality at someone's feet as a puppy deposits a slobbery ball; it meant a non-stop day-dream, a planning of surprises, an exchange of confidences, a giving of presents, an agony of expectation.

* * *

The chief lesson of private school was the necessity of keeping the audience amused: of being funny so as to stop other boys from bullying, and of keeping in favour, at all costs, with the all-powerful teachers. The result of the latter was a scholarship to Eton, where the dance on the mantelpiece and the hot poker were waiting for him. Boys going to Eton after the war were exposed to frequent beatings and learned to hide their intelligence. Even worse than this was the lesson that survival depended on moral cowardice and the continual exercise of political tact. Connolly, who was intellectually precocious developed actual political genius. At the end of his time at Eton he determined to get into Pop, the privileged club which ruled Eton almost unchecked. He was not in the Sixth and had no athletic colours—and was thus unqualified. But he played off the Oppidans against his fellow-collegers with revolting brilliance. He made a point of always being seen in the right company.

> I mention this in case it may be of use to others who wish to be elected to things. It was not difficult, for if the Oppidans saw me with the right Collegers, the latter saw me with the right Oppidans, and both felt pleased with their discrimination.

Connolly says that the intense struggles to achieve success at Eton arrest the development of the victors, and that the lives of many boys are over after they leave.

* * *

Some will think that I have spent too long over the latter portion of this book and taken too seriously Connolly's warning that before judging the value of the critic's observations one must know how he has been formed, and what flaws he may conceal. At least one transcendent virtue has come from this examination: Connolly has perfect self-knowledge and is honest. He may be taken in by all sorts of charlatans but never by himself. His training, however, at school was that of an expert in tactics, which is the political art of timing things. When he comes to consider how to write a book which shall still be thought a work of literature ten years after it was written, the flaw in his education comes out. He finds it difficult to think of works of art apart from an audience, or of an artist working oblivious of applause. Two or three quotations will show this preoccupation with the strategy and tactics of the arts.

> Lewis has attacked Hemingway for being "a dumb ox." Yet at the moment at which Hemingway wrote his best books it was necessary to be a dumb ox. It was the only way to escape from Chelsea's Apes of God and from Bloomsbury's sacred geese.

But there was no more chance of Hemingway writing like a Sitwell or a Strachey than of his being elected into Pop at Eton. On the next page comes a list of phrases which we are told are "not yet officially clichés." In a really brilliant passage he describes how:

> Huxley the intellectual pulls the lower self along like a man pulling a dog by a leash; there are glimpses of other dogs, lamp posts, green grass, trousers and tree-trunks. . . . It is a question whether anyone so at war with himself can be a novelist, for to the novelist a complete integration is necessary: the proper medium for the split-man is the *Journal Intime*. . . ."

In the very next paragraph Connolly continues: "the greatness of a novelist like Tolstoy . . ." absolutely unaware that by mentioning Tolstoy he has destroyed his previous generalisation—for Tolstoy was the greatest split-man of all the ages, as anyone who has read his *Journal Intime* or the *Kreutzer Sonata* must be aware. There are other curious mistakes of fact. When searching for the most representative work of the post-war period of the early nineteen-twenties he pitches on the ballet *Petrouchka*. Those of us who saw Nijinsky playing the part of Petrouchka in Fokine's masterpiece cannot give our trust to a critic who reads unthought-of post-war

meanings into a work of art composed in 1911. Connolly gives up much of these early chapters to the conflict between the mandarins and the writers in vernacular. He speaks of conspirators in Paris meeting in Sylvia Beach's bookshop where the copies of *Ulysses* lay stacked like dynamite ready to blow Virginia Woolf and Lytton Strachey sky-high. But *Ulysses* was published in 1922, not six months after *Queen Victoria*. *A Voyage Out* had been preceded by *Dubliners*, then equally obscure, by a year. Connolly arranges living writers into groups and movements with fascinating ingenuity. But some of these toy soldiers had never heard of each other; others were fraternising with the other side. "The health of a writer should not be too good," we are told. Tolstoy, Turgenev, Cervantes, Goethe, Wordsworth, were hardly chronic invalids. . . . But one thing is left out. The first qualification of a writer is to fall in love with an unborn book, and care more about it than about pleasing other people or playing his cards well. Connolly knows this, but the defects of his education, as he so admirably explains, force him to think of works of art in the terms of politics at school where the whole of life is compressed into four or five desperate years. Connolly has written a really wonderful account of his school days and analysis of himself. In a charming footnote he suggests that those who are pleased with a book should send the author a small cash token. Many besides myself will purchase postal orders after reading the last 130 pages. They are the beginning of a great book. DAVID GARNETT

THE WILL TO LIVE

John Cornford. A Memoir. Edited by PAT SLOAN. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Men and women are so deeply influenced by the circumstances which surround them through their adolescence, that during times of rapid change, like the present, generations divided by completely different views of life succeed to each other in less than ten years, instead of thirty. The attitude of young men at the Universities is a good test of this. Since the war, the Universities have seen three different generations. The post-war generation of young men whose adolescence was spent in preparation for fighting in the war, and who were then miraculously released to a life which, having expected death, they did not know what to do with. The "boom" generation, who were adolescent during the optimistic 'twenties of trade expansion, the League of Nations and the Weimar Republic. Last of all there comes the "crisis" generation of young men, adolescent since 1929 and brought up in an intensely political, revolutionary and counter-revolutionary atmosphere.

John Cornford was a leader of this youngest generation. Like several of the most promising of his contemporaries, he went to Spain to fight in the International Brigade. He was killed on the day after his twenty-first birthday.

This clear and factual collection of examples of his own writing and essays by those who knew him gives a portrait of a character so single-minded, so de-personalised, that one thinks of him, as perhaps he would wish to be thought of, as a pattern of the human cause for which he lived, rather than as an individual, impressive and strong as his individuality was. His brother says: "Trying to know him was like standing on a railway embankment and trying to grab an express train." In Victor Kiernan's account of him at Cambridge, even in Professor Cornford's careful and informative recollections of his childhood, one has the same impression of a person who was driving himself like a powerful machine.

The steam in the engine which Christopher Cornford saw as his brother was Communism, to which he became converted in 1932, the time of the depression, when, it will be remembered, the brothers Esmond and Giles Romilly, both of whom have fought in Spain, were conducting another campaign at another public school. Before he left school, Communism had become his whole life. A group of his contemporaries have contributed simply an account of Cambridge Socialism to this book, instead of any reminiscences, because John Cornford was so completely identified with this movement.

The few years of Cornford's active life as a Communist were an exercise in orthodoxy, both in theory and practice. Until shortly before he died, he had ambitions as a poet; but poetry took second place to political action, or rather, had to grow out of it; when it ceased to do so, the Muse went overboard, like love affairs, *The Waste Land* and everything else.

> All we've brought are our party cards
> Which are no bloody good for your bloody charades.

The last poems he wrote are interesting for the determination with which he was trying to force political lessons into rhyme and imagery:

> Time present is a cataract whose force
> Breaks down the banks even at its source
> And history forming in our hands
> Not plasticine but roaring sands,
> Yet we must swing it to its final source.

These poems are violent and insensitive, yet it is these very defects which make them effective and give them a defiant metallic clang, which does not lack a certain richness, because it is single and strong.

Cornford's own essays are extremely able arrangements of intractable material into a dynamic, if preconceived, pattern. They show the energy of a strong intellectual will and a great intelligence; what is most convincing in them is the single-mindedness of the writer which identifies itself with an objective cause.

How far his disinterestedness could go, is shown by Cornford's death. If he had chosen, he could no doubt have played a leading part in the Socialist movement in this country. All the essays show that he had the rare quality of leadership, great intellectual gifts and a power of organising both himself and others. But he went to Spain, first of all, as he explains in a moving letter to Margot Heinemann, "with the intention of staying a few days, firing a few shots, and then coming home." However, he soon discovered that "you can't do things like that. You can't play at civil war, or fight with a reservation you don't mean to get killed. It didn't take long to realise that either I was here in earnest or else I'd better clear out . . . Having joined, I am in whether I like it or not. And I like it."

John Cornford was a leader rather than just an original person, because his remarkableness lay in his having qualities that others share, only in a pattern of greater abundance, strength and clarity. Reading this book, one is discovering the potentialities of a generation. Cornford lived for a form of society for which he was also willing to die. When democracy in Spain was threatened, it was natural for him to fight, and in fighting he felt that he was both defending something real and helping to create something new. His spirit was not a resurrection of 1914.

Cornford is immensely significant not merely because he was young and brave, but because he lived and died with the courage of a purpose which reaches far beyond himself and which effectively challenges the barbarism and defeatism of the age we live in. One may feel, as I do, that the pattern of this young hero is over-simplified; his vision of life is impatient and violent, it leaves too many questions unanswered, he burns out too quickly, rushing headlong to his death; but nevertheless it is a pattern which in other lives may take on a greater richness without losing Cornford's power and determination. The spirit of Cornford and some of his comrades rises like a phoenix from the ashes of Spain, which are the ashes of Europe STEPHEN SPENDER

THE CENTRAL SEA

Whose Sea? A Mediterranean Journey. By GEORGE MARTELLI. *Chatto and Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Here is a good addition to the small but growing library of books on the Mediterranean—good because it possesses two wholesome assets, the first, charm, the second, value as a source of sensible information. Though decked out as a travel book, it contains enough sound political philosophy to commend it to any student of British Mediterranean policy.

Mr. Martelli did not achieve the whole round of the Mediterranean. Starting in Tunisia, he worked eastwards and anti-clockwise as far as Damascus, returning via Cyprus to Rome, which he reached, conveniently enough for a political writer, just as the Germans were marching into Austria. Thus, though he covered nearly a third of the sea's circumference, he could not and does not attempt to deal with all its problems. Broadly speaking, he confines his book, as he confined his travels, to the south-eastern Mediterranean. He leaves out Spain, Turkey, the Adriatic and France's major interests, which lie chiefly in Algeria,

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
POT POURRI FROM A SURREY GARDEN. By John Betjeman	777
BELGRAVIAN EXERCISE. By Peter Chamberlain	777
REVIEWS:	
Grace. By Elizabeth Bowen	778
Mr. Herbert Read's Essays. By Peter Quennell	780
The Historic Confucius. By Raymond Mortimer	780
The Constitution Under Strain. By Leonard Woolf	782
Death by Ingenious Devices. By Ralph Partridge	784
European Reporters	786
Photographs. By V. Sackville-West	788
The Next War	791
Roma Rediviva. By F. A. Wright	794
A Silver Treasury. By H. B. Mallalieu	794

POT POURRI FROM A SURREY GARDEN

MILES of pram in the wind and Pam in the gorse track
Coconut smell of the broom and a packet of "Weights"
Press'd in the turf; the thud of a hoof on a horse track
A horse-riding horse for a horse track
Conifer county of Surrey approach'd
Through remarkable wrought-iron gates.

Over your boundary now, I wash my face in a bird bath
Then which path shall I take? That, over there by the pram?
Down by the pond? or else, shall I take the slippery third path
Trodden away with gym-shoes
Beautiful fir-dry alley that leads
To the bountiful body of Pam?

Pam I adore you, Pam, you great big mountainous sports girl
Swishing them over the net, full of the strength of five
That old Malvernian brother, although he's playing for Woking
Can't stand up
To your wonderful back-hand drive.

See the strength of her arm, as firm and hairy as Hendren's
See the size of her thighs, the pout of her lips, as cross
And full of a pent-up strength, she swipes at the rhododendrons
Lucky the rhododendrons
And flings her arrogant love lock
Back with a petulant toss.

Over the redolent pinewoods, in at the bathroom casement
One fine Saturday, Windlesham bells will call
Up the Butterfield aisle, red with Gothic enlacement
Licensed now for embracement
Pam and I as the organ
Thunders over you all.

JOHN BETJEMAN

BELGRAVIAN EXERCISE

1. GIVE some pennies to the organ-grinder, but not to this quotidian ballad-singer, who makes me both sad and angry. Many think Welsh miners provide the most objectionable form of street-music, others consider the bag-pipes even worse. When all are bad, it is merely a matter of opinion which is the worst.

2. No matter how frequently I complain, the boy who delivers my papers on Sundays simply throws them on the ground instead of pushing them through the letter-box.

3. That Bentley may often be seen outside the big house with the wooden shutters. What do the letters C.D. on the back stand for? They imply that the car is the property of a member of the Diplomatic Corps.

4. If I cross the street to avoid the blind beggar, I shall be unable to look into the window of this well-stocked book shop.

5. The door of the first house is vermilion; the sixth and eighth also have red doors. At number four and number ten may be found green door panels; some are brown but the majority are blue. That of the last house in the road is being painted to resemble grained wood. Did you notice the glass door of the third house on the right? In future, number eighteen will have wrought-iron gates.

6. In this window there hangs a golden ball, in that a larger ball of silver. Here is a parrot on a swing, there an amiable pig emblazoned with clover leaves. My friend pointed out several small glass balls of various colours. Through the curtains of the room opposite I can see a prancing, china foal; it is the speciality of a big West End store. My brother's favourite used to be a black and white glass bird of imaginative design, but I have always preferred these swans.

7. The driver of the taxi, which the two ladies hailed just before reaching the Square, affected to be unaware of the dark looks given him by his colleagues, who were already waiting on the rank.

8. At the cabman's shelter near the Underground station the men are always playing shove-halfpenny. In Pont Street one of their number invariably seems to be peeling potatoes into a bucket.

9. Further along the Square some dozen women and about half as many girls are standing on the pavement. What are they waiting for? They are expecting the children of the Duke and Duchess of Kent to leave for their walk, and do not appear to notice the cold wind which is blowing from the North.

10. "Now drive me to the Army and Navy Stores for the fruit," said Mrs. W., stepping into her car.

11. "Would you be so good as to direct me to the Latvian Embassy?" "I regret I am only able to indicate the whereabouts of that belonging to the Republic of Mexico, which is situated in the second street on the left." "Perhaps this is the correct way to the Victoria Coaching Station?" "Certainly, continue straight ahead for rather more than two-thirds of a mile."

12. The Chelsea pensioner remained for several minutes smiling and nodding his head at the puppies, which were curled up asleep in a corner of the pen. Had they been less recently fed, it is my opinion that they would have been more active.

13. Are you familiar with the girl who exercises the dogs? Why, yes, indeed, but I cannot tell you the reason she wears a leather strap on her wrist. Her face is red as an ostler's, she must be a very curious young person.

14. This stationer displays in his window the invitation cards he has printed for certain members of society: "To meet the members of the Egyptian delegation. Mr. Noel Coward requests . . ." "Trooping the colour of H.M. Brigade of Guards. The Prime Minister requests . . ." "Mr. Morland and Major de Utland. At home . . . Tokay and Sherry . . ." "The Master of Charterhouse and Mrs. S. request . . ." They also sell blotters, fountain pens, address books and many copies of the church magazine.

15. The children, carrying paper bags, gathered at the side of the nearby baker's, hope to receive some stale bread when the shop closes.

16. Police Notice. Found Straying. Where: St. Pancras. When: 14.4.38. Sex: Female. Name: Unknown. Age: About 70. Height: 5ft. 2in. Hair: Grey. Complexion: Sallow. Eyes: Grey. Peculiarities: Several long hairs on chin. Many teeth missing. 5in. scar on left foreleg. Dress: Blue coat, blue skirt, no hat, shabby. Now: St. Pancras Hospital, St. Pancras. (Deemed unsound mind).

17. That plate upon the wall commemorates the fact that Y, the novelist and poet, lived here from 1881 to 1894. To the top floor of this house it was his habit to return each Saturday night, smelling strongly of brandy, and accompanied

by a lady from Wilton Road. On Sundays his servant did not arrive until the evening.

18. I am shortly leaving on a journey to Rouen. What is the channel weather report? "Very breezy, blue sky, rather rough, no fog." Where is the nearest chemist's shop? Here is the representative of the travel agency. He says there is a drug store on the station. There is also an office where I can change money and more than one weighing machine.

19. After 8 p.m. on weekdays and Sundays and 9 p.m. on Saturdays FRUIT can only be sold to customers who are passengers on a railway train and who are in possession of a ticket.

20. This hairdressing saloon is open on Sundays only to hotel residents.

21. From the Palladium the voice of Miss Gracie Fields, popular light comedienne, is repeated first by one wireless then another, so that, as I walk over the rough stones, her song is loud and continuous. She is singing to the tenants of the only "conversion" in the mews, she is singing to the King and Queen, she is singing to the whole of the British Isles. Because of the command performance, many people have stayed at home to-night.

22. "It is now some little while since the postman came. Why do you not fetch the letters?" "Bad news often comes by the last post." "Pray, do not be so ridiculous, but bring them to me immediately." "There are only some circulars for Mr. White."

23. The chauffeur of the big Cord is accustomed to have a drink at the public-house on the corner before driving the car to its garage. Sometimes he plays darts; he is not, however, a member of their team. It is one of the most westerly taverns which is permitted to remain open until eleven o'clock and fills up rapidly after ten, especially at the week-ends.

24. At night, when the wind is in a certain quarter, it is possible to distinguish the sirens of ships on the river. The town dweller is apt to forget that London is a great sea port from which steamers carry British merchandise to harbours all over the world.

25. Before the banging of dustbins and the clatter of milk bottles starts, those with sharp ears may discern the passage of the first electric train.

26. Both the milkman and the postman were whistling, the paper-boy was singing, and now an accordion-player is coming up the street . . .

PETER CHAMBERLAIN

GRACE

Unforgotten Years. By LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH. *Constable.* 10*s.*

Selection is always present in any act of the memory; it cannot but be continuously present in the attempt to re-create one's own life. One cannot surprise one's past: the very quickest look back makes everything fall into order—if only into a momentary order, the order of a mood. The long look back compels one's years into form. This may be because before any deliberate retrospection starts one has already rejected, with an unconscious violence, what is untoward, what might not fit in the pattern. For that pattern, whatever may be its nature, is an intimate part of one's self-esteem, and one's idea of survival is closely bound up in it. Having always in view the pattern one must not lose, one's sense of relevance, in reviewing one's own life, becomes as strict, as immovable as a law of art. Ultimately, one's own emotional taste must be the censor of memory. Thus the memoir, the reminiscence takes its place half-way æsthetics and pathology.

When a writer writes his own life the wish to give form is doubled; the wish is conscious as well as necessitous. His past is to serve his book; it is no more than so much matter. He is not strange to himself; he has lived in his own presence; he can write of himself with a cold familiarity. He looks back at a life lived entirely consciously; there is no question, here, of harvesting naive and unknowing years. Before he could hold a pen, perhaps, he has been Trigorin, secreting prose round moments even while they were living. To an extent, he has made his experience. He has noted life from an angle; what he has not noted does not, for him, exist. His very pains and pleasures have been largely *selected*, even at times when they seemed most deeply felt. Scenes had a memory-value even while they were lived. Disciplined, automatic, his memory works to plan. The writer's memory is like a tidy cupboard: he knows exactly what he will find inside. What he cannot assimilate, he has already rejected. He has thrown out all bulky untoward objects, objects on which the cupboard might not shut.

Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith wrote his reminiscences during a cruise on Mrs. Wharton's yacht. On this cruise, nothing untoward happened, except a misunderstanding with the skipper about a boat, and a rather vigorous argument about peonies. He has titled those reminiscences with what seems, at the first glance, a happy banality. *Unforgotten Years* could be a sort of generic title for memoirs; it epitomises the names of a hundred volumes, very often of social interest only, that sit in libraries on the memoirs shelf. At the first glance, it seems odd that such a title should not already have been hit on—by some lady of fashion at her wobbly, frail *escritoire*. It could be no more than nostalgic, ambiguous, mellow, safe. But that this choice should have been Mr. Pearsall Smith's gives the title a sinister exactitude. There is no ambiguity here. He knows that years' survival is more than a touching accident. Years do not stand in the memory by sheer virtue of having been once lived. Years are turned away or recalled exactly as one wishes. Those years one accepts are the unforgotten years.

An intensive censorship of experience underlies Mr. Pearsall Smith's perfected prose. No dust has collected on the years, the moments that were once so analytically lived; they are in perfect condition, ready to be assembled into what is, for a memoir, a faultless form. His style shows his distinguished wilful precision; it has no rough matter to cope with, for nothing that he records as having happened has not already been assimilated by him. From seven (when he attained the state of sanctification) he undeviatingly chose his experience. He was the child of a Philadelphian Quaker household dominated by a magnificent, zealous faith. In such a household, life was a crucible. As a very small child, Mr. Pearsall Smith was agonisedly conscious of the untoward. There was much that he did not like; he was "a gorilla for screaming." When he was four, the reconciliation, at first in itself painful, began. Two little girls prayed aloud for him in his presence, prayed that he might be given a new heart. Between four and seven his struggles intensified.

> In vain were his efforts to keep good by the force of his own will alone; and it was only after three years of spiritual struggle . . . that he renounced these Pelagian attempts to conquer Sin and Satan by his own carnal struggles, and realised that only by Grace, and unmerited Grace alone, and by no "deadly doing" could he attain the conquest that he sought.

By seven, he had won through.

> I may do, I have undoubtedly done, things that were foolish, tactless and dishonest, and what the world would consider wrong, but since I attained the state of Sanctification at the age of seven I have never felt the slightest twinge of conscience, never experienced for a moment the sense of sin.

These passages from the early life are important because they explain, I think, Mr. Pearsall Smith's persisting attitude to life—an attitude, above all, of immunity. His taste, his nature, his gifts, his susceptibilities seem to have been able to ripen and to perfect themselves inside a small, separate and unthreatened world. There can have been no more upheavals; his piety has veered quietly from religion to art. Those delicious sensations that surrounded religious experience surround æsthetic experience. He belongs to the generation of the Chosen—and how far the Chosen are from us now—their leisure, their grace, their subtleties and, above all, their immunity. They enjoyed Grace—Grace tempered with irony.

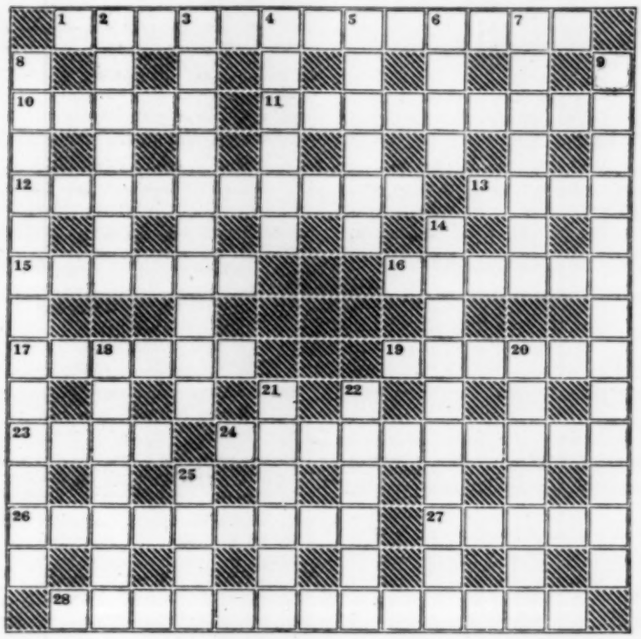
And what a prose Grace produced! Emerson was the earliest influence, then came Pater, then the nobler aspects of Flaubert. (Were the passages about the sweating and the hysterics also copied into Mr. Pearsall Smith's commonplace book?) And there was always Sir Thomas Browne. Over all this book about inner experience there extends a levelling irony. He writes—this perfected prose, adamant, unechoing, unevocative, prose like a fortification, prose without any belfry to hold a bat. In this prose are embedded once-living creatures and moments. As though overtaken by lava, forever immobilised, scenes, gestures, hopes, fears, illusions, traditions, fanaticisms are here to be marvelled at. Philadelphia, the Quaker traditions, Evangelical English house parties, Harvard, Balliol, Paris, the house in

PETER DAVIES

A PRIZE of P.D. Books to the value of ONE GUINEA may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened on Wednesday, November 23. Competitors should address their envelopes to NICHOLAS DAVIES, Crosswords, 38 Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

(Solution will be published on Friday, November 25.)

CHRISTMAS CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. David Garnett, in *The New Statesman*, said everyone who was interested in Spain, in flying, and in what is coming to us, should read this enthralling book about an airman in the Spanish War (three words, 4, 5, 4).
10. See 20 (5).
11. (Rev.) "—— *to the Theatre*," edited by R. D. Charques (9).
12. Captain at school. One of the most delightful speeches by 3 (three words, 4, 2, 4).
13. What *Night* does *on Rome* according to Thomas Ryan (4).
15. These ships are dealt with in *Racing, Cruising and Design*, by Uffa Fox (6).
16. Character in *Measure for Measure*—not, alas, in *Eight New One-Act Plays of* 1938, edited by William Armstrong (6).
17. Why haven't we seen a this of *The Dome of Devotion*, the book of all the people who made St. Paul's famous, by Glorney Bolton? Because it isn't out till the end of the month! (6).
19. You will need this to get you to sleep after reading *The Danger Zone*, the new book by *E.7*, author of *I Am a Spy* (6).
23. *Siege Lady*, by C. P. Hawkes and Marion Smithes, deals with a civil one of them (4).
24. Did Colonel Claude Beddington catch one in the Red Sea when *We Sailed from Brixham*, (two words, 3, 7).
26. Whether you prefer it when your beer this or tankard, you'll love *What's Yours?* by T. E. B. Clarke! (9).
27. Beginning and end of a coloured bird and most popular author. His new book is in great demand and we do not do this! (5)
28. Huntsmen don't long for this each year so much as sailing enthusiasts do (three words, 3, 4, 6).

DOWN

2. See 14 (two words, 3, 4).
3. (Rev.) See 12. Hugh Walpole has written an extremely interesting preface to this *and J.M.B.*, the obvious Christmas book (10).
4. Paul Winterton in his book *Mending Minds* is in a way a this of the English Mental Hospital System. The book costs 8 and this (6).
5. His new book is called *The Web of Life*. His last was *Antony* (42nd thousand) (6).
6. Do not this *Jonah and the Voice*, the delightful book about the prophet and the whale, by Harald Tandrup. If you do you'll regret it (4).
7. If we sold you Nigel Heseltine's delightful travel-book *Scarred Background* for five shillings we should this the Net Book Agreement. It costs 10*s.* 6*d.* (7).
8. The moving finger writes and Chester St. John wrote this glorious cavalcade of English History from 1500-1937 (three words, 3, 6, 4).
9. E. C. Trelawney-Ansell's great odyssey of Gold (three words, 1, 8, 4).
14. Pardon snag of no allusion to one of 2's (10).
18. A different delight from the one you'll get from reading *Family Ship*, by Lou King-Hall (7).
20. Many miles 10 of the Matto Grosso Jungle, the scene of a great first novel, *Dear Savage*, by Marcos Spinelli (7).
21. If you called ex-housebreaker Frank Stanley's book *The Happy Week* you would this right! Sir John Squire wrote the preface (6).
22. For lovers of this we suggest Maurice Griffiths' *Cruising Yarns From the Y.M.*, Claude Beddington's *We Sailed from Brixham*, *The Beauty of Sail* and all 28's (two words, 3, 3).
25. Alexandre Barmine, author of *Memoirs of a Soviet Diplomat*, was a fugitive from this (4).

38 Bedford Street, W.C.2

Sussex with its terrace and talks . . . Walt Whitman and Mrs. Wharton. . . .

Mr. Pearsall Smith writes best—that is to say, most feelingly—in the early chapters, in which his lovely, dignified and unaccountable mother appears, and in the last chapter but one, about manuscript-hunting—a chapter the sportsman dominates. The rest of *Unforgotten Years* reads like an ordered dream, a dream explored to its limits, with no cold shadow of to-morrow morning ahead.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

MR. HERBERT READ'S ESSAYS

Collected Essays in Literary Criticism. By HERBERT READ. *Faber and Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Herbert Read is one of the most conscientious and respectable of modern critics. While so much contemporary criticism is vulgar, diffuse and ill-informed, founded either upon inadequate knowledge or an inadequate understanding of the problems of art, Mr. Read impresses us always with his sincerity, his wide reading and his devotion to literature. Yes, unquestionably, Mr. Read is on the side of the angels. It is sad, therefore, to be obliged to admit—yet, by Mr. Read's own standards of critical uprightness, it is impossible to gloss over the admission—that his *Collected Essays* form a somewhat disappointing volume, and that they puzzle and annoy at least as often as they please and stimulate. Perhaps Mr. Read would write more enjoyably were he less reluctant to acknowledge that the basis of aesthetic appreciation is a private and personal experience—one of extreme and lively pleasure—which the critic makes it his business to explain in general terms. Thus, the type of literary criticism, for which both Mr. Read and his predecessor, Mr. Eliot, feel unqualified abhorrence and which tends to produce literature about literature, has now and then a certain advantage over the newer, "scientific" method. All that we can be sure of about a work of art is that a given association of words, or of line, colour and mass, rouses a special response in our own individual sensibility. We notice that it has a similar effect on other minds and by exchanging verbal impressions of what has occurred, by contrasting our response when confronted with one work of art to our response when confronted with its fellows, and by relating our systematised impressions to relevant facts gathered from history and geography, we may attempt to put together some general aesthetic scheme. But our attempts at systematisation are always tentative; and there is something to be said for the critic who begins at the beginning and, before he enshrines it in an intellectual structure that may or may not prove solid, does his best to convey the quality of the emotional experience round which his intellectual appreciation is ultimately centred.

Mr. Read is so sensitive an observer that I could wish that, in his critical essays, he were less scrupulously concerned to exclude himself. To take a single instance—his essay on Henry James. Mr. Read does not enlarge or deepen my understanding of Henry James because, instead of allowing me to see the novelist reflected on his own sensibility (where I have no doubt the reflection would be true and delicate) he starts off with a discussion of the principles on which he assumes him to have worked:

> Henry James perceived . . . that the problem of "presentation," of "projection," of the translation of action into verbal expression, was a problem of time. It is a question of creating an *illusion* of duration which shall correspond with an actual *sense* of duration. The illusion can only be effective if the strands of interest which we pick up at the beginning of a story are so woven that they duplicate our consciousness of real events. But consciousness, whether real or induced, is not a simple fact: it is rather a process or state which is only realised upon the completion of some definite rhythm or pattern. . . . Pity or terror, or love or hate, is a highly organised complex, depending for its duration on its inherent pattern or repetitive rhythm. Still more complex are those organisations of emotions and conscious states which we name personalities. . . . Now, in order to create personalities and set them in action . . . it is necessary to repeat, on another plane, an analogous rhythm or pattern.

Mr. Read goes on to explain that Henry James first "grasped the nature of the problem" and then "had the further and abounding grace to perceive that the problem could not be solved formally, aesthetically, or in pure abstraction, but must be *applied* to the actual current of existence. The rhythms could not be invented, but must be caught up from the actual idioms of daily life; and equally the patterns must be outlined in the wider pattern of civilisation. The first, or dynamic, aspect of duration is solved on the moral plane; the second, or static, aspect is the aggregation of acts committed on the moral plane, and constitutes the problem implied in our sense of tradition or civilisation."

This is impressive but (I cannot help thinking) might have been put a little more simply or, at any rate, given a rather more immediate application to the actual chapter and verse of Henry James's achievement. I am prepared to believe that my own intelligence may be largely at fault; but when I come, three pages later, to a description of "the falsity, the irony, the lack of any centre of sympathy, in the work of Flaubert"—particularly, in Flaubert's greatest novel—I am on surer ground and feel qualified to raise a protest. Nor am I much enlightened by Mr. Read's statement that "'Moral dignity' brings us nearer the burning heart of Henry James's world than any other phrase in the vocabulary of criticism; these two words summarise his significance. . . ." Moral dignity may be one of the many attributes of such a novel as *The Wings of the Dove* or such stories as *The Pupil* and *The Aspern Papers*, but I do not think the phrase carries us to the flaming centre of Henry James's on the surface extremely cool, compact and unruffled universe, or has much to do with the terrific problems already outlined. More interesting than the spectacle of poor Henry James, perched upon a metaphysical mountain-top and oddly invested with the Order of Moral Dignity, would be an account of the personal relationship of writer and critic.

Mr. Read is at his best (as in his essay on Vauvenargues) when he is briefest and simplest. Elsewhere, his judgments are often hard to follow; and I was surprised to learn that:

> If we make a distinction between contingent literature and absolute literature—between authors who only write when there is a public and external stimulus and authors whose stimulus is subjective, who write because they enjoy writing as a free and creative activity—then we shall see that the whole of Swift's work is contingent. He is, on a grand scale, an occasional writer; even *Gulliver's Travels* . . . is determined by his political experience; it is a final judgment on humanity, but not on the abstract humanity of history and philosophy, but on the mass of human beings contemporary with the author.

To this, one must object that very few authors—certainly not Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Tolstoy—have written without some form of "public and external stimulus," for the sheer joy of doing beautiful work in a void; and that it is difficult to see how a writer can come to know, or can hope to describe, "abstract humanity" except through the mass of contemporary human beings by whom he is surrounded. Was Shakepeare's material "abstract humanity"? Was he "an occasional writer" because he obeyed the exigencies of a commercial career?

So much for the obvious shortcomings of this contemporary critic's method, as they are likely to affect the general, non-specialist reader, into whose hands *Collected Essays* are intended presumably to find their way. On the credit side, it must be conceded that, while every judgment in the volume is not distinguished by its soundness, each essay is carefully written and patiently argued. The book is the product of a writer to whom literature is an intensely vital preoccupation and who brings to it all the seriousness of an adult mind. Mr. Read is a grown-up in literary matters. Given the present state of literary criticism, that is praise enough.

PETER QUENNELL

THE HISTORIC CONFUCIUS

The Analects of Confucius. Translated and Annotated by ARTHUR WALEY. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Waley declares in his preface that "the present book is somewhat dry and technical in character," and promises that his next book will be different—"I would not have it supposed that I have definitely abandoned literature for learning, or forgotten the claims of the ordinary reader." Yet this translation of the *Analects* is undeniably a book essential to every serious library, and a book which no cultivated person can afford to neglect. Confucius is a teacher of the first importance both intrinsically and historically, and here is the first English translation which attempts to present the original meaning of the *Analects*. Some sixteen hundred years after Confucius's death, these writings became the basis of all Chinese education. But they were reinterpreted to suit a syncretist philosophy influenced by Taoism and Zen Buddhism. Previous English translations remain valuable, Mr. Waley explains, because they represent the Confucian tradition as accepted for the last eight hundred years. But his version seeks "to tell the European reader not what the book means to-day, but what it meant to those who compiled it." A few in-

FABER & FABER LATEST BOOKS

On the Frontier
W. H. AUDEN and CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

This new play by Mr. Auden and Mr. Isherwood, in prose and verse, has an exciting plot of intrigue and conflict between two imaginary countries of which readers of *The Ascent of F6* will have already heard. It will be produced by the Group Theatre, beginning Nov. 14th, at the Arts Theatre, Cambridge. 6*s*.

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stances will show the difference between Mr. Waley and his predecessors :

> The Master said : " Though the Odes number three hundred, one phrase can cover them all, namely, ' With purpose undiverted.' " (Soothill.)
>
> The Master said : " If out of the three hundred *Songs* I had to take one phrase to cover all my teaching, I would say, ' Let there be no evil in your thoughts.' " (Waley.)

> The subjects which the Master treated with great solicitude were : fasting, war, and disease. (Soothill.)
>
> The rites to which the Master gave the greatest attention were those connected with purification before sacrifice, with war and with sickness. (Waley.)

> There may perhaps be men of the higher type who fail in virtue, but there has never been one of the lower type who possessed virtue. (Soothill.)
>
> The Master said : " It is possible to be a true gentleman and yet lack goodness. But there has never yet existed a good man who was not a gentleman. (Waley.)

Then the Tenth Book has hitherto been presented to us as a description of " The Sage in his daily life." But it is in no sense biographical, it is a sort of Handbook of Etiquette for Gentlemen, e.g. : " When confronted with a particularly choice dainty at a banquet, his countenance should change and he should rise to his feet. Upon hearing a sudden clap of thunder or a violent gust of wind, he must change countenance." (Legge and Soothill presents these injunctions as records of the Master's personal habits.) Besides removing the false meanings from a large number of passages, Mr. Waley turns Analects that previously had no meaning at all, into comprehensible English. Perhaps the most important point for the ordinary reader is that he can for the first time realise the essentially aristocratic nature of Confucian ethics.

The Master quotes indeed as supremely important a traditional maxim resembling the Golden Rule : " Never do to others what you would not like them to do to you," which he calls a " saying about consideration." Benevolence and chivalry are commended rather than loving kindness. The capital duty of moral self-improvement is inseparably linked with the cultivation of *savoir vivre*. " A gentleman is distressed by his own lack of capacity : he is never distressed at the failure of others to recognise his merits." " The demands that a gentleman makes are upon himself ; those that a small man makes are upon others." " The gentleman calls attention to the good points in others ; he does not call attention to their defects, the small man does just the reverse of this." Confucius opposed those who taught that the wise man should work with the poor and live with them. He believed that good rulers infected their subjects in a magical way with their virtues, and he was concerned entirely with the behaviour of the cultured class : " Women and people of low birth are very hard to deal with. If you are friendly with them, they get out of hand ; and if you keep your distance, they resent it." How remote is such a comment from the *logia* of Christ. How narrow, too, is this message, directed only at educated ears. No other scriptures compare with the *Analects* in urbanity and sophistication : here are no threats of Hell, no promises of Heaven, nothing to shake the sinner, or offer him release. Yet it would be hardly less difficult to live up to the Confucian idea of a gentleman than to the Christian idea of a saint.

> " The gentleman who ever parts company with goodness does not fulfil that name." " Has anyone ever managed to do good with all his might even as long as the space of a single day ? I think not." " The Good Man rests content with goodness ; he that is merely wise pursues Goodness in the belief that it pays to do so."

Virtue, in fact, is its own reward, and gentlemanliness seems less a Means than an End or Absolute. But one must not exaggerate the sweet reasonableness of the *Analects*. Confucius is no more like Socrates than he is like Christ. His precepts are based not upon ratiocination but upon the practices of a Golden Age—a largely imaginary past which filled him with religious awe. This ancient culture and the ritual which is its concrete expression are paramount, and it is from these that the moral teaching derives. Confucius, like the Pharisees, was much preoccupied with anis and cummin and phylacteries—indeed, the chief obstacle to our comprehension of the Sage is his insistence upon Ritual.

To the ordinary reader, Mr. Waley's introduction will be hardly less interesting than his translation. The accepted stories of Confucius's life (such as one finds in the current *Encyclopaedia Britannica*) are, it is explained, mere legends. There is no contemporary record of his existence, his dates are uncertain, he was probably not a scholar, he certainly never held any high official rank—in fact, nothing definite is known about him. Of the twenty books of the *Analects*, seven form a consistent whole, while the others are extremely miscellaneous in extent and character :

> I think we are justified in supposing that the book does not contain many authentic sayings, and may possibly contain none at all . . . I use the term " Confucius " throughout this book in a conventional sense, simply meaning the particular early Confucians whose ideas are embodied in the sayings.

Mr. Waley, it will be seen, is no less drastic in criticising the Confucian legend than M. Loisy in his studies of the historic Christ. But his erudition in this as in his other books is always animated by a sense of actuality. He compares Confucian education with that of the English Public School, and illustrates the " attitudes " that a Chinese gentleman had to learn with the attitudes we adopt to-day in various social circumstances. He shows the need of further psychological knowledge for anthropological purposes. And here are some excerpts from his commentary on the term *Chun-Tzu*, meaning " son of a ruler " or " gentleman."

> He must be extremely careful to make friends with people of his own sort . . . He must not lay himself open to the accusation of " talking too much " ; still less must he boast or push himself forward or in any way display his superiority, except in matters of sport, and even here he is restrained by the complicated dictates of fair play, by the elaborate etiquette which constitutes the " rules of the game." . . . Moderation in conduct and opinion is a well-known hall-mark of the true gentleman. . . . This conception of virtue as a middle way between two extremes is one which we have no difficulty in understanding ; for it is familiar to us as part of our popular heritage from Greek philosophy. It is, however, one which rapidly disappears so soon as purely magical, non-social virtues are held in esteem. The reputation of an Indian ascetic, for example, is in proportion to the " excessiveness " of his behaviour . . . That good lies between two extremes has been very generally accepted by those who have tried to view the world rationally. As a political principle it uses the foundation of nineteenth-century Liberalism and in particular of English Liberalism. . . . Unfortunately it is extremes and not compromises that most easily become associated with strong emotional impulse. The downfall of Liberalism has been due to the failure to associate the Middle Way with any strong trend of emotion. The success of Confucianism . . . was due in a large measure to the fact that it contrived to endow compromise with emotional glamour.

It is extremely curious that the nineteenth century Public School, with its clerical headmaster and its nominally Christian chapel, should have, at its best, so closely reproduced the Confucian teaching. Unluckily this teaching could affect only the upper classes and these very imperfectly. One wonders whether the Totalitarian State will ever allow humanity to pursue once more an ethical ideal so gentle and, with all its limitations, so sensible.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE CONSTITUTION UNDER STRAIN

The British Constitution. By H. R. G. Greaves. *Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.*

Parliamentary Government in England. By Harold J. Laski. *Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.*

There is a certain family likeness about these two books, and one may be pardoned for guessing that it is due to a common mother, the London School of Economics, of whose teaching staff each author is an ornament. Formally Mr. Greaves's book covers a rather wider field than Professor Laski's, but in practice the difference does not amount to very much, for both writers take a very wide view of their subject and deal with it realistically rather than academically. Mr. Greaves deals not merely with the form of the British Constitution, but also with the way it works, Professor Laski not merely with the structure of parliamentary government in England, but also with the way in which it works. In fact, therefore, each is compelled to cover almost precisely the same ground, for the British Constitution works through parliamentary government and the way in which parliamentary government works in England is determined by the British Constitution.

The likeness between the two books is not confined to subject. The opinion of the two authors on almost every important point is practically identical. Their main thesis is that the Constitution works through a system of parliamentary democracy. Parliamentary democracy is a product of capitalism. It is " vitally related to " the capitalist system, as Professor Laski puts it ; it

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is "contemporary with the growth of capitalism," as Mr. Greaves puts it. All through the nineteenth century it developed in the hands of the capitalist class as an instrument for the protection of private property and for maintaining the power of the middle and possessing classes over society. The successful functioning of the Constitution or of parliamentary government "rests on a community of interest among those who in practice control its operation." "The British Constitution was an instrument for men who were agreed about the way of life the English State should impose." Party government, therefore, which, as Bagehot said, "is the vital principle of representative government," is really a species of "mimic warfare." All through the nineteenth century the two parties, the Conservatives and Liberals, were in fact out for the same thing, the protection of the capitalist system or the interests and profits of the bourgeoisie. Hence government by compromise, by taking the "middle course," was possible, for both sides were fundamentally in agreement; their quarrels were sham family quarrels; "every one knew that these were, so to say, the steps in an elegant minuet never to be taken too seriously." But with the end of the nineteenth century we left behind the period of a prosperous and expanding capitalist system. There intrudes into the system of bourgeois capitalist democracy the party of the workers who challenge the basis of capitalist society and the principle of private profit upon which it rests. The result is catastrophic. The division between the parties is now determined by class and economics and the mimic battles are transformed into real war. The question immediately arises whether the system of parliamentary government and of democracy will or can persist in these changed conditions. The principles of compromise and the middle course are no longer possible. If the party of the workers, which stands for economic equality and socialism, is returned to power at an election, and proceeds to put its programme into practice, there is no place for compromise, for there is no "community of interests" between the combatants. It is seeking to accomplish through the machinery of the Constitution and parliamentary democracy a revolution which the other side regards as disastrous to the country and destructive of its own vital interests. Will the other side, in such circumstances, allow the machinery of the constitution and of parliamentary democracy to work? They are in possession of all the key positions to power, the king, the church, the armed forces, the judiciary, the police, the civil service, the B.B.C., the press, the universities, and the schools; they control the whole economic and financial system of the country. Will they allow the constitution and parliamentary democracy to deprive them of possessions and power or will they not rather use their power to destroy both the constitution and democracy in order that they may retain their property?

In developing their thesis both writers have produced very interesting books. They are particularly good in uncovering the connections between the class system and the political structure. Professor Laski's chapters on the Cabinet, the Civil Service, and the judiciary are brilliant and full of truth and wisdom. Their handling of the question asked at the end of the last paragraph is, however, not satisfactory. They pose it continually, but neither gives a plain answer to it. On the other hand, by implication they leave the reader with an answer, namely, that it is impossible for the capitalist classes to allow democracy to deprive them of power and possessions and establish socialism and economic equality. They do this by two methods, both of which are illicit. They argue that historically the cleavage between political parties has never been vital or even serious, and they assume from this that, as Mr. Greaves puts it, "the understandings through which it (the Constitution) works are possible only when social cleavage is absent." But even if the historical premiss were true, the assumption does not necessarily follow. That the possessing classes hold the key positions to power and that there is grave danger of their using them unconstitutionally to destroy parliamentary government rather than allow a constitutionally and democratically elected Labour Government to introduce socialism is an important truth, and Professor Laski's masterly analysis of the position and danger is extremely valuable. But his continual assumption or implication that the possessing classes must inevitably act in that way is unsupported by any kind of argument, while it is extremely bad tactics on the part of any one who wishes to see the establishment of socialism unless in fact he wants it established by the destruction of democracy.

It must be added that the historical background of democracy and parliamentary government given in these two books is not accurate. It is arguable that the interests which divided parties in the nineteenth century were not "social" or "vital," though even that is not, I believe, true; that contemporaries themselves did not regard them as vital socially and economically, is demonstrably untrue, and it is the contemporary man's view of the nature of the cleavage, not our view of it, which is relevant to Professor Laski's historical argument. He maintains for instance that the conflict of 1831–2 "touched only upon quantitative differences of opinion" and was "of relatively minor proportions alongside the possible conflicts which now begin to come into view." Any one who reads Greville in Britain and Guizot in France will see instantly that that was not the view of contemporaries. The possessing classes in 1830 were not quite so stupid as our historians represent them; they saw quite clearly that the logical development of democracy threatened the economic structure of their society. They fought the foundation of parliamentary democracy then and every extension of it for the next 100 years, because they thought—quite rightly—that it threatened their vital economic interests. That is why the passing of the Reform Act of 1831 can more accurately be described as an instance of a possessing class acquiescing in dispossession through the machinery of parliamentary democracy without a violent revolution rather than as a conflict of minor proportions, based upon a quantitative difference of opinion, and settled by compromise.

Leonard Woolf

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Released for Death. By Henry Wade. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.

Traitor's Way. By Bruce Hamilton. *Cresset Press.* 7s. 6d.

Mystification by ingenious devices never fails to gratify our secret hatred of the laws of nature—an animosity surviving from the nursery, where we first discovered that one cannot mend toys by remorse: a smiling lady being sawn cheerfully in two by a circular saw will always attract an admiring audience. But conjurors have the advantage over detective writers in that they are not obliged to explain at the end how their tricks work. An audience is never so resentful as when it listens to the exposure of its own credulity; and most authors who rely on Heath Robinson contraptions to work their plots, leave the divulgence of the mechanism to the last possible moment, so they can hurry off the stage before the hissing breaks out. Not so Mr. Carter Dickson! He has such faith in his sleight of hand that he is prepared to show you his technique and still win your applause. I thought *The Judas Window* contained as complicated a murder-device as I should ever accept, but in *Death in Five Boxes* he has found an answer to another riddle which I regarded as insoluble. How do you mix a cocktail which shall be perfectly harmless one minute and deadly poison the next—without adding or subtracting any ingredient? Yet Mr. Carter Dickson succeeds in convincing you that it is within the realms of possibility in his latest masterpiece. Not content with that, he explains how it is done and yet keeps the identity of his murderer a secret. (Your best guess at the criminal goes wrong half way through the book, when your candidate gets murdered himself.) Mr. Dickson's inventive genius is becoming overpowering to the ordinary reader. A few more books as prepotent as *Death in Five Boxes* and we shall all be taking to thrillers to hide our humiliation.

So many of the devices now introduced by authors depend on special technical knowledge that reviewers ought to have access to a staff of experts to check their accuracy. Only by accidental encounter with a chemist did I discover that the great Mr. Wills Crofts was at fault in *The End of Andrew Harrison*, where he used the right chemicals to produce a lethal gas, but not in sufficient quantities to justify the appearance of suicide. In *Antidote to Venom* the murder is brought about by snake poison, and as the author acknowledges his indebtedness to the Curator of Reptiles at the London Zoo, I shall not presume to question his method. Mr. Crofts is experimenting in a new genre in *Antidote to Venom*,

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a story where the criminal first describes how he comes to commit his crime, and then Inspector French is described solving it. It sounds duller than it is, for Mr. Crofts' gift has always been for detailed description rather than excitement or suspense. We always know that French will corner his man in the end, but it seems more sporting to give the fellow a long start of 170 pages, and I think even French's staunchest admirers will be delighted to watch him burst into a sprint for a change.

Lady Campbell overloads the plot of *The Moor Fires Mystery* with sentimentality, otherwise it might be solved too speedily. A press Baron is murdered in the Highlands, when he is on the point of launching a press campaign that is bound to create trouble for many of his guests. The characters are portrayed with Lady Campbell's usual vivacity, only she allows far too much rope to the sweetness of the little governess and the aesthetic foibles of the detective, Simon Brade. It is sticky work, extracting the thread of criminal investigation from the treacle of romance in which it is embedded, but the plot itself is sound enough, and some people may lick their fingers with satisfaction.

For a detective writer with an established reputation it is amazing that Mr. John Rhode allows his criminal in *The Bloody Tower* to be so obvious throughout. Nothing has been done to disguise him, and there is no alternative selection. It is a pity, as the story of Glapthorne Tower and the texts in the Glapthorne family Bible might have been made quite exciting had there been a few decent red herring about. As it is, "Elementary, my dear Watson!" Mr. Rupert Penny, on the other hand, is a great believer in disseminating suspicion. Every character in *Policeman's Evidence*, barring the brace of detectives, is of murderous stature; and the motive for crime, namely, to obtain the clue to buried treasure of unknown but gigantic dimensions, is by common acceptance universal. In the past I have suspected Mr. Penny of shady practices towards his readers, but he plays fair enough in *Policeman's Evidence*. The solution is elaborate and very ingenious, but quite legitimate; only I would not call it neat.

In his previous books Mr. Hugh Austin followed the Ellery Queen lead over his detective fences, keeping strictly to the intellectual course, but in *Lilies for Madame* he relaxes his grip on the reins and lets his talent gallop all over the place in regular transatlantic fashion. A young actress agrees to impersonate a notorious night-club lady on a cruise to South America. The night-club lady is murdered in New York before the ship sails, and the heroine realises that the murderer has come aboard for some evil but mysterious purpose. Naturally the hero, a newspaperman, is obliged to put in a lot of high-powered slugging and intimidation on everyone who comes near her, in order to knock the truth out of somebody's teeth. Mr. Austin can write such stuff as well as any of the others, but he would be better advised to drop the fisticuffs and get back to detection by the qualified Homicide Bureau.

All our best authors seem to require their periods of relaxation. In *Released for Death*, Henry Wade takes a leisurely survey of a riot in a convict prison, and its repercussions when the old lags are released. There is no detection to speak of, only portraits of criminals and their associates, and an unpleasant close-up of Constable Bobby Bragg trying to seduce some vital information out of the mistress of the gorilla-like villain. I should like to learn of a judicious separation between Henry Wade and Bobby Bragg, on grounds of mental cruelty to readers. Henry Wade's style is impeccable—if only he would use it on serious matter!

Traitor's Way is a thriller, calculated to gratify the prejudices of the political Left, or as the publishers term them, the "liberal-minded," i.e. the international gang of crooks are Fascist-totalitarian not Bolshie-totalitarian, and the British Empire is being betrayed to Central instead of Eastern Europe. If you must read Empire-in-danger stories, you may well enjoy a National Government's wickedness being thwarted finally by a Labour Party Colonel Lawrence; but I do not think Mr. Bruce Hamilton a match for Kipling.

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EUROPEAN REPORTERS

In My Time. By SISLEY HUDDLESTON. *Cape.* 12s. 6d.
Perfidious Albion—Entente Cordiale. By GENEVIEVE TABOUIS. *Thornton Butterworth.* 12s. 6d.

Having angrily shaken the dust of journalism off his feet and retired to his "Henri IV mill in Normandy," Mr. Huddleston looked back in disgust at his twenty-five years of newspaper work—and realised that he had had a pretty good time all the same. One fancies that in spite of his explosions of anger, and in spite of his denunciations of modern journalism as a "filthy business," he must have greatly enjoyed writing this book which—whether Mr. Huddleston likes it or not—is a very bright piece of modern journalism. "Modern" both in a good sense and in a bad sense. Good because it is bright and entertaining; bad, because there is a little too much of the ego. Who cares how much money he was making in 1919, and whether, or not, it was a financial sacrifice for him to become Paris correspondent of the *Times* soon after the war? But that is a detail. The description Mr. Huddleston gives of Briand's conversation might almost apply to his own book:

> He had a pleasantly facetious word for everyone and on every subject; nothing profound, nothing subtle, but light, amusing, a trifle cynical.

Except in the last part of the book where Mr. Huddleston ceases to be amusing and light, but just goes off the deep end about the "crime of sanctions," and Mr. Eden; and the League in general, which he identifies with the work of anti-Nazis, Communists, Jews, and other wicked people. Not that Mr. Huddleston was in the least bamboozled by Mussolini at Stresa; not for a moment does he believe, as the French reactionaries do, that Stresa was the height of Anglo-French statesmanship; and he makes no secret of the utter contempt with which Mussolini treated MacDonald and Simon, and Laval and Flandin during the Stresa meeting. Huddleston was too good a journalist to be "taken in" by Stresa and presumably just approved of Mussolini's crookery.

Even in the middle of his final diatribe against the League, he has his bright moments; for instance when he records the following anecdote about Robert Dell and Mr. Eden—

> How low Mr. Eden ultimately brought the credit of the League, may be judged by one of the last incidents I witnessed in the Council, over which he presided. The President of the Danzig Senate, Arthur Greiser, after being called up, very foolishly, for judgment by the League, turned towards the press enclosure and rudely "put his thumb unto his nose and spread his fingers out." A journalist—Robert Dell—jumped excitedly to his feet and in a tremulous voice protested: "Monsieur le Président, il a fait comme ça!"—and to illustrate his words he put his own thumb to his own nose, and cocked an innocent snook at the chairman, Mr. Eden!

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What makes one like Mr. Huddleston—if not his ideas—is also his capacity for telling a good story against himself; and the little touch of annoyance with which he does it makes such stories all the more amusing. This one, about Northcliffe in his decline, is particularly good.

> "Look at that hat, and that hair, and those clothes," groaned Northcliffe to Clarke, "aren't they appropriate to a foreign correspondent of the *Times*? . . ." Needless to say, I was amused by Northcliffe's banter, of which he was free; but one day, in his private *wagon, en route* for Evian, he seriously annoyed me. The conversation was about the Far East. . . . Suddenly, without warning, he asked me why I wore a red handkerchief. I made some casual reply. He began to work himself up into a fury. "Your clothes generally—they are a perfect disgrace—they don't fit. Nobody from Oxford would wear a red handkerchief. For God's sake, go to my tailor in London, and tell him I sent you. Get him to make you a dozen suits for various occasions." I answered tartly that I preferred to buy my own clothes. . . .

It ended in a row, but finally Northcliffe climbed down. Yet, for once, one can sympathise with Northcliffe—and his dislike of that fake-bohemianism which is cultivated, even to this day, by some of the older British journalists in Paris.

Perfidious Albion—Entente Cordiale is not one of Mme. Tabouis's best books; some of the chapters seem to have been written in a great hurry, and from memory, without much checking-up (thus, she says that Chautemps succeeded Blum in November, 1936; in reality, of course, it was in June, 1937; and in discussing the sanctions fiasco she seems to forget that Hoare was as much to blame as her pet aversion, Laval; and that Hoare's "wonderful" League Speech was just eyewash). But even so, one can always trust Mme. Tabouis to produce some interesting information. She emphasises the hostility with which Paul Boncour's attempt to return to a collective security policy were treated by the British Government, who pretty well selected M. Bonnet for the post of Foreign Minister after the fall of the Second Blum Government. She quotes from a despatch by M. Corbin, the French Ambassador in London, who wrote to Paul Boncour last April

> that he could not obtain satisfaction on both counts, and that the British, while falling in with his wishes in regard to Czechoslovakia, contemplated demanding compensations in Spain.

And what were these compensations?

> On June 5th, Sir Eric Phipps gave Georges Bonnet a verbal note in which the British Government informed the French Government that the latter was doing damage to the Entente Cordiale by support given to the Spanish Republicans, whose cause was not favoured by the British people.

Just like that. Interesting, when one remembers how some days later Mr. Chamberlain denied all British responsibility for the closing of the Catalan Frontier on June 13th! The French, he said, had taken an independent decision; the word "independent" was just a quibble. A highly suggestive passage on French policy towards Czechoslovakia is the statement made to Mme. Tabouis by M. Henry, M. Bonnet's *chef de cabinet* last May. After correctly forecasting the course of events in Czechoslovakia, M. Henry said:

> Benes's police will come to blows with the Sudetens. From that moment Hitler will say: The Sudetens are Germans; I must protect them. Their cause has my support. We shall then have to choose between humiliation and war with Germany.

The statement clearly suggests that Bonnet never even tried to attain "peace with honour," and had accepted "humiliation" as the only solution as long ago as last May. A. B.

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Book Society Recommendation

HARRAP

PHOTOGRAPHS

Peaks and Valleys. By F. S. Smythe. *Black.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Quest for the Griffon. By Robert Atkinson. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
In Search of the Gyr-falcon. By Ernest Lewis. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Speckled Nomads. By H. E. Towner Coston. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
White Hunter. By J. A. Hunter. *Seeley, Service.* 15*s.*

I was examining again, recently, some of the photographs taken nearly a hundred years ago in that remarkable series of Edinburgh Worthies by Octavius Hill. Photography was then in its infancy, with none of the resources of modern invention at its command; yet how superbly these first photographers managed their infant art! I was tempted to wonder whether any advance had been made since those days, and decided finally that none had been made in photographic portraiture. Those Victorian portraits were superior to any present-day fashionable efforts—superior both in characterisation and composition. Man Ray and Cecil Beaton seemed cheap and slick beside them.

But in other fields photography has certainly made startling strides. The five books on my list, dealing as they do with such diverse subjects as mountains, birds, fish, and wild animals, have one common denominator between them: the excellence of their illustrations. Never before to-day, in the whole history of book-production, has the amateur so triumphed with his camera, or given us so many pictures as suggestive as paintings, sometimes even transcending them in the marriage of realism and beauty.

Among these five books Mr. Smythe's *Peaks and Valleys* must be put first, if we are to regard sheer photographic art as the highest achievement. It is unimaginable that the art of mountain photography could go farther than Mr. Smythe has carried it. He has here given us both the Alps and the Himalayas. It is all very well for him to say that never in his life has he taken a photograph which completely satisfied him; I think his audience will politely disagree. His photographs are magnificent. His letterpress—the short note with which he accompanies each photograph—is similarly admirable in its own way. He is always brief, practical, and unromantical, having had the sense to realise that his illustrations may be allowed to speak for themselves without purple passages supplied from his pen in addition. Thus I like his realistic comment which accompanies the view of a dramatic-looking peak in the Garhwal Himalayas: "The ascent was impressed on my memory because I was very mountain-sick." There speaks the true and honest mountaineer. A lesser man would have told a prettier and less convincing story. Mr. Smythe evidently hates sham heroics, doesn't mind saying he felt sick when he did, and yet can love and fight great mountains, and photograph them too.

After mountains, birds. *Quest for the Griffon* sounds alarmingly heraldic as a title, but is actually the story of a search for the true griffon-vulture which exists in the wild sierras of southern Spain. Three young men, Cambridge undergraduates, named E. F. Allen, J. M. Naish, and Robert Atkinson, the author of the book, went out to Spain the year before the Civil War began. One of their

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number knew a few phrases of Spanish learnt from a conversation manual; they had also taken the precaution to discover the Spanish word for vulture. Apart from this they seem to have been singularly ill-equipped in everything except patience, endurance, and photographic apparatus. Such was their ignorance of the Spanish people that they had vaguely imagined that some interest might be displayed in their quest, but it was not long before they discovered that "the study of natural history does not exist in Spain," where "a bird is a creature either edible or inedible, and if inedible it is inconceivable that anyone should bother about it." To their somewhat naif surprise they thus found themselves regarded with considerable suspicion by the Civil Guard, and in fact were nearly turned out of the district before they could fully accomplish their purpose. Luckily for them, and for their readers, they managed to postpone and to evade these difficulties until they had secured the photographs they wanted. For hours they took it in turn to crouch in their tiny "hide," cramped and sweating, while the great birds swooped and poised on the rocky ledges only a few feet away. One of them actually attacked the author, an experience he does not appear to have enjoyed in the very least. I should think however that he must feel well compensated for his fright and his exhaustion when he looks at his completed book.

The next bird-book, *In Search of the Gyr-falcon*, is the account of a trip to north-west Iceland, undertaken by a young naturalist who has not lived to see his book out of the press. He must have been an extraordinarily courageous as well as modest young man, for in spite of the fact that he had lost one eye and one arm in two separate accidents he was ready to collect eyesses (as I learn the young of falcons are called) from their eyries, swinging from a rope across an Icelandic cliff-face in a howling gale. These eyesses he proposed to take back to Islay for the purpose of training them for the art of falconry, a purpose which, much to his credit, he successfully accomplished. I wonder whether Mr. Auden or Mr. MacNeice will come across this book? It makes their own Icelandic adventure look rather tame.

After birds, fish. The publishers of *Speckled Nomads* claim that they are tempted to say that it is *the* book about trout. It may be so, and it may be ungracious to complain that I personally found the author's expert and specialised information irritatingly presented. There are few things I like better than facts, retailed for me by a man who really knows what he is talking about; but I do like them straightforwardly offered, not wrapped up in a sort of told-to-the-children style. Here, for instance, is an account of two trout, hatched in an English trout-farm, and then transported, one to an English river, the other to a river in New Zealand. So far so good; but why on earth should these two unfortunate fish be saddled with Christian names to which they would certainly never have answered, or be credited with almost human emotions which they certainly never possessed? Why, again, does Mr. Towner Coston refer to "The Silver River" when he means the Itchen? Why must the water-vole be called Arvicola, the moorhen Gallin, the stoat Erminia, the grayling Thymallus, the may-fly Danica, the water-rail Rallus, and the owl the Gray Ghost of Evening, "who is mighty fond of a tender shrewlet?" Such coy prettinesses are surely unworthy of a serious student of trout.

The illustrations however are beyond criticism. How Mr. Towner Coston managed to secure his under-water photographs passes my comprehension. The one which he has chosen for the jacket of his book is only one amongst many which might thus have been singled out for honour. For the sake of the photographs alone, it is a book to give to any compleat or incompleat angler for Christmas.

After fish, wild animals. *White Hunter*, by the suitably named Mr. J. A. Hunter, described as a Professional Big Game Hunter in Africa, is a record of big-shooting experiences after lion, elephant, buffalo, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, leopard, and crocodile. Mr. Hunter, alas, is no stylist. One has to read some of his sentences twice over before one can discover what he means. Not that the absence of polish or even of grammar would matter in the least if only the narrator could contrive to be fresh and vivid—indeed, many relatively illiterate authors, better accustomed to their own tools than to the pen, do manage to produce a refreshingly effective account of what they intend to convey—but Mr. Hunter unfortunately cannot be placed in this category. I pick out one sentence at random: "I was tired and that night when I arrived back, and swore all the oaths remaining never to lend ear to them (African tribesmen) again, but after a night's rest and the disappointment wears off, you find some of them do tell tales with some particles of truth in them."

This may be captious, and certainly Mr. Hunter knows his subject. I liked some of his scraps of information; for instance, although the revengefulness of the elephant is a matter of common knowledge, I never knew that after an elephant has killed, trampled and mangled you with foot, trunk, and tusk, his dislike of you remains still so unappeased that he will tear down branches from the neighbouring trees and cover you with them in order to hide your offending carcase from his sight. Some of the photographs, too, are superb, especially the Carrion Eaters opposite page 240 which reminds one of the carved friezes of Persepolis; and the magnificent lioness scanning the veldt opposite page 80. I wished they could have been better reproduced; I should have liked to see them "bled," possibly in sepia, instead of presented in a rather unworthy way. On the other hand, I must throw a little bouquet to the publishers for the binding of the book. It was really imaginative to discover a paper resembling a crocodile skin.

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It is, however, in respect to the vital and sorely neglected problem of the defence of overseas communications and supplies that Commander Grenfell's study will specially interest the general reader. For that highly intricate and difficult problem has never before been set out with such comprehensive grasp, such lucidity and such a mastery of technical detail. It is a pity that the special problem introduced by the combination of the surface with the submarine and aerial raider, rightly given such prominence by the author, should have been separated from the fundamental discussion of "the defence of trade" and hidden away in a later chapter under the unilluminating caption of "Oceanic Communications."

Concrete cases of a possible naval conflict play a lesser role in the author's considerations than one might expect from the title of his work. The problem of an Anglo-German conflict is not envisaged at all; the Mediterranean, on the other hand, receives a special chapter, underrating perhaps the non-military reasons for trying to maintain control over it, but summing up very clearly

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the military difficulties of such a course. Most interesting of all, however, are the remarks upon Singapore and the Far East in the concluding chapter on "The Imperial Defence Problem," in which Commander Grenfell, frankly distrustful both of the possibility and the advisability of concentrating in time of need large battleship forces in the Far East, proposes instead the concentration there by Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand conjointly of a large force of some 150 destroyers and 60 to 70 submarines, permanently on the spot, and capable, in his opinion, of a reasonable chance of holding the general line Singapore–New Zealand and protecting the trade inside that line.

The interest of Commander Grenfell's book lies in his brilliant demonstration that the influence of Sea Power has not yet passed away; that of Mr. Spaight's in his firm stand against an exaggerated evaluation of the most recent element of warfare: Air Power. Air Power, as he reminds his readers in his first chapter, had not yet developed into an independent factor by the end of the World War. Thus in view of the interesting, but inconclusive experiences gained during the recent campaigns in Abyssinia, Spain and China, its possibilities remain to a large extent the object of speculation, and in consequence of violent controversy. Following the lead given by the Italian general Douhet—to whose fundamental conception of decisive aerial attack the author might well have devoted more space—many extreme adherents of the new arm have claimed, and claim to this day, that the air arm will be able to break the enemy's will-power directly by the terror bombing of his civilian population. Against this extreme view the author, in company with many other more moderate writers, advances the argument that such a breakdown in a virile nation is extremely unlikely, that it would be contrary to all military principle to concentrate the effort of such a costly and vitally important factor as the air arm upon a psychological aim of doubtful prospects, and that the far sounder and therefore far more probable course would be to concentrate upon the enemy's material sources of strength, such as munition factories, railway centres, dockyards, etc. Armies and fleets will themselves attract and suffer blows from the air; not only in the battle zone, but all along the lines of communications and still further afield. Air power will strike at the source of the enemy's armed strength and seek the moral effect only as an incident of action, which aims directly at a military effect.

Compared with these highly speculative considerations, Major Sheppard in his discussion of the tank appears upon comparatively firm ground. Of the decisive role played by the tank during the final stages of the World War, elaborately set out by him in the first chapters of his study, there can be no doubt. The question remains: has the enormous development of anti-tank defence since that time, in particular of the anti-tank gun, succeeded in overtaking the remarkable development of the tank itself and restoring an equilibrium between attack and defence or not? Neither the tank and anti-tank theories of the leading military powers nor the lessons of the recent wars give any clear answer, but in his concluding remarks, emphatically put forward as his private opinion, Major Sheppard affirms that the anti-tank defence has in fact made such progress, and that the tank is no longer a weapon which will automatically bring victory, although it remains a valuable and in fact indispensable instrument.

The most brilliant, original and stimulating of the whole series, however, is the volume on "Propaganda" by an eminent civilian expert in that field. The claim of the editor, that nothing similar has ever been published, is well justified. Mr. Rogerson combines the outsider's freedom from conventional military conceptions with a masterly grasp of the psychological and technical fundaments of his subject and, above all, an extremely broad and shrewd appreciation of the internal and international political problems of to-day. His observations are all the more stimulating as he does not believe in beating about the bush and bases his study with complete frankness upon the assumption that the enemies to be envisaged are the group of the Anti-Comintern Triangle with Germany as the main opponent. What he has to say with respect to the latter country in particular is so far removed from the conventional anti-Nazi pattern, and so true, as alone to make the book worth reading. The fundamental change in the psychological status of the German people to-day as compared with that of the World War, the deep mistrust ingrained in them by the non-fulfilment of Wilson's pledges at Versailles, the unattractiveness of the democratic ideal and the futility of a materialistic propaganda based on the "butter instead of guns" appeal, the fundamental weakness of the inner opposition and the fallacy of placing any hopes upon it, as long as the regime is not shaken by any serious reverse in the field; these and many other similar observations are most brilliantly set out by Mr. Rogerson. It is, therefore, with something of a shock that one finds him, after such a display of unusual understanding, suddenly producing (on pages 132-3) a plan of campaign that is utterly absurd, because mistaken as to the very elements of German public opinion.

That, however, is the only, if a very serious, defect in an otherwise admirable book. What the author has to say about the technical and psychological problems of propaganda, the diminished usefulness of the papers, the time-lag and the unexpected psychological effects of the films, the dangers of jamming and of aerial attack for wireless, the peculiar problems of attacking the enemy's morale, keeping the neutral in a favourable state of mind, the allies in line and the home front quiet, deserves the closest consideration. Above all, his remarks on the peculiar problems of the "Home Front" throughout his study and in particular in the last chapter, are invaluable, if highly provocative. For Mr. Rogerson does not mince words in his observations upon the grave indifference of the authorities towards the problem of propaganda in general and such special problems as contacts with American public opinion, the incomprehensible irresolution in respect to the development of rediffusion in wireless or the psychological mistakes in A.R.P. and other recruiting propaganda. These make an indictment the more impressive in view of the author's obvious agreement with the Government's general line of policy.

His own constructive proposals, set forward at the end of this discussion of the Home Front, comprise the immediate elaboration of a constructive propaganda policy, the setting up of a central co-ordinating council on which would be represented the newspapers, the B.B.C., the film industry, the British Council and the press officers of the various Government departments, convertible in time of war at once into a Ministry of Propaganda as well as a Ministry of Information, and, additional or alternate to it, an independent body to initiate propaganda, for the organisation and methods of which he has some very interesting suggestions to make. Finally, the problem of how to help to protect the body and uphold the spirit when the bombs begin to fall receives special and illuminating consideration.

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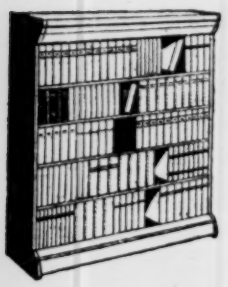

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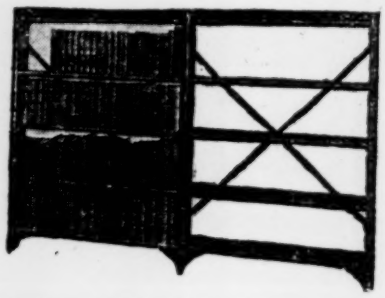

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ROMA REDIVIVA

Night Falls on Rome. By Thomas Ryan. *Peter Davies.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Pagan City. By W. N. Chaplin. *John Long.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Why do novelists to-day—some of them at least ought to know better—why do they insist on digging in the dead past and trying to breathe life into the dry bones of ancient Romans by making them talk in modern slang? A novel should be a picture of life, seen indeed through a temperament but taken directly from life, and there is no need to go back to ancient history when modern life, with all its turmoil and confusion, offers the writer a thousand subjects and clamours for interpretation. Yet here, in *Night Falls on Rome*, we have a young American author with a pretty wit, a vivid style and a considerable skill in narrative, leaving his own time and country and setting his story in the decadent Rome of the fourth century A.D. There is an abundance of incidents, and the hero Togonius is a striking character swayed by various impulses and frustrated in all his undertakings. He plans to sail round Africa and fails even to start; he enters a monastery and tries to castrate himself but fails again; he is summoned by the great general Stilicho to act as companion to the puppet emperor Honorius, but, falling in love with the courtesan Lollia, he loses his post and betrays his patron; he rescues a cripple girl from death and grows to hate her, and finally he is butchered as a victim at the grave of Alaric. With a more attractive theme Mr. Ryan may write a really good book; but if he insists on displaying his Latin he must beware of such errors as "*Quam artifex perco*" and "*Clodia Quadrantia*."

If *Night Falls on Rome* has the seriousness of youth, in *The Pagan City* we seem to detect the exuberance of age. It is a curious book, and becomes curiouser and curiouser as it proceeds. "Julia," it begins, "cast her last shred of clothing from her and stumbled on over the burning sand"; for Julia is flying solo, looking for a lost father and a lost city in the middle of the Sahara, and her aeroplane has come down. In the nick of time she finds water, but while swimming in the lake she is drawn under by a strong current. Her shrieks are heard by John Seytern who has followed her in another aeroplane, and the gallant youth—"broad of shoulder but slim of hip, his handsome face smooth, regular, urbane"—plunges in after her. Together they are carried by the current through a long subterranean passage; Julia faints and John tries to feel her heart to see if it is beating—"he searched anxiously for a time, until he came abruptly to the conclusion that he was taking undue liberties with a defenceless female"—and at last they find themselves lying half-dead upon a beach with some men "clothed in knee-length tubular garments" bending over them. Then the main plot begins. John and Julia are in ancient Rome, or rather in a town which might be ancient Rome, inhabited by the descendants of the soldiers of the Ninth Legion. The luckless pair are at once led off to the slave market, but as they are already nude they are spared the indignity of being stripped and are finally sold into the household of the Princeps. John remembers enough Latin to be able to converse with his captors, Julia, who went to a girls' school, is not so proficient, and John has to explain their situation to her. In the next eleven days much happens. The prince and his son fall in love with Julia and his wife and daughter are equally charmed with John; and we have descriptions of feasts, gladiatorial shows, temple orgies and palace conspiracies carefully adapted by Mr. Chaplin from Petronius, Juvenal and Suetonius, together with copious quotations in English from Ovid and Martial. Julia's father is discovered a prisoner and is crucified singing "Onward Christian soldiers" just before the desert tribesmen break in and sack the town.

F. A. Wright

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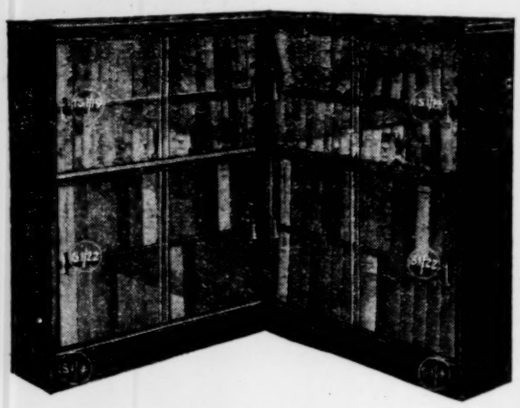

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In 1767 Oliver Goldsmith was able to preface his book, *The Beauties of English Poesy*, with these words: "My Bookseller having informed me that there was no collection of English Poetry among us, of any estimation, I thought a few Hours spent in making a proper selection would not be ill-bestowed . . ." In 1938 Mr. Norman Ault is not so fortunate. Between *The Beauties of English Poesy* and *A Treasury of Unfamiliar Lyrics* there is a range of anthologies, whose most formidable peaks are *The Golden Treasury* and *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. They supposedly epitomise the whole Parnassian range; but there is more to a mountain than its summit. Mr. Ault has explored the slopes, and brought back 833 poems, none of which are in Palgrave's or Quiller-Couch's collections. This may not be the best way to prepare an anthology, but it provides here some notable things, including about thirty previously unpublished poems and among them two by Robert Herrick, one of which is interesting enough to quote in full:

> Thou mayst be proud and be thou so for me;
> Yet know there is a death for me and thee.
> When as, poor souls, our softer frailties must
> Be lost in blended dust,
> That charnel house, that keeps us both, shall sign
> No neat distinction 'twixt thy bones and mine.
>
> And when to Hell our two lean souls are come,
> Where that just judge shall give to each his doom,
> Think'st thou thy pride, form, colour, there can fee
> Him not to censure thee?
> Know, wretched soul, a judge thou there shalt find
> Who not respects the body but the mind.
>
> And for my plea in acorn cups I'll show
> Those last two tears which from mine eyes did flow;
> And all my sighs through silk-worm bags shall sound
> Thou gave'st me deadly wound:
> Can Justice then, when these have sworn thy guilt,
> Ah! not revenge the blood that thou hast spilt?

Like most samples, this is of slightly better quality than the goods; but there are other pieces in the book to tempt the prospective buyer. Most of the unpublished poems are representative of the seventeenth century, and they include work by Habington and the Countess of Winchilsea. Mr. Ault has limited his selection from the beginning of the sixteenth century to about 1880. That is a wide enough period; but there must surely be some earlier "treasures" that are worth reviving, and it seems a pity that in a book as widely representative of lyric poetry as this one is, they should not have been included.

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And Having Writ. By CHESTER ST. JOHN. *Peter Davies.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

B.U.N.C. By FRANCES GRAY. *Constable.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

In common with Mr. Garnett, I find humorous history, especially humorous Biblical history, an almost embarrassingly repulsive form of literature. Had I suspected that Mr. Tandrup treated Jonah from a modern, nearly facetious, standpoint, compared the Voice of God to wireless transmission, and frequently paused to draw analogies from post-war America, I should never have read his book, and so have missed a witty, subtle and most original novel. *Jonah and the Voice* (which is admirably translated by A. G. Chater) derives from the Bible story, and expands half a dozen verses into an adventure, a satire and a spiritual experience. Jonah himself is a sort of Jewish Kipps, a poor, clever little fellow who hawks confectionery through the streets of Tyre, and whose sole ambition is to cast his cake upon the market and see it come back slaves and fine houses. Unfortunately, he is also a prophet, a receiving-set for God's orders, and in the midst of his most successful ventures a small, insistent voice may command him to leave his business and proclaim some alarming and unprofitable truth. When the Voice tells him to go and preach to the wicked city of Nineveh, he tries to disobey, and takes ship to Tarshish (which the author, in common with some scholars, seems to identify with Bilbao); until God and the Whale deliver him safely in Assyria. After many vicissitudes, in which he is used as a pawn in the struggle between Monarchy and Priesthood, he comes to prosper exceedingly. But the Voice, as usual, interferes with his happiness, and takes him off once more on its lonely and thankless service.

Old stories are not well-worn roads, to be widened and heightened to their own and the public profit; and it is not the metaphysical renovation that makes *Jonah and the Voice* so striking a novel. The fact is that, beneath all his light-hearted anachronism, Mr. Tandrup possesses unusual historical perception; and his pictures of the teeming, fecund Tyrian slums, or his vivid vignette of King Sargon seated on a cushion in his enormous throne-room while crawling courtiers praise his imaginary military exploits, are beautifully right in feeling if perhaps unfounded in fact. He writes, too, with a sensitive, self-deprecatory humour that makes his asides at least inoffensive; and suggests his satire without hammering it home:

> Court etiquette demanded that on rising one shrank back and shaded one's eyes for a moment, as though dazzled by the splendour which was supposed to be given off by the King's person. Jonah performed this ritual, and naturally the King showed no surprise. As a matter of fact he was beginning to reconcile himself to the idea that possibly he did diffuse light.

Jonah and the Voice is, first and foremost, a good story, in which every incident promises excitement and every comment suggests the unexpected. Mr. Tandrup has a delightfully mediaeval skill in rationalising untenable first premises, and can explain the sudden conversion of Nineveh or Jonah's immunity from the Whale's digestive juices with equal wit and ingenuity. Whether romance is inferior to analysis, or fantasy, however lucid, less readable than realism, is a matter of individual taste. It will be agreed that, of its kind, *Jonah* is superb; personally, I should put it higher than that.

Three Novels and *Mile End* are studies of the Jew in society. Both tell of a rise from sweat-shop and basement hovel to capitalist affluence, both treat of the conflict between God and Mammon, with environment holding the scales, and both come to much the same conclusion—that racial solidarity is more important than the amassing of wealth. The first of these books is a brilliant success, the second a pretentious failure. *Three Novels* is a republication in one volume of *Uncle Moses*, *Chaim Lederer's Return*, and *Judge Not*, perhaps the most famous and certainly the most polished and perfect of Mr. Asch's novels of Jewish life. The setting of the stories is America, and their theme the deterioration of the exploited who has become the exploiter. Uncle Moses owns a cheap clothing factory, and works his less fortunate compatriots in a way that would fill a Nazi with delighted self-righteous disgust. But his workers are more than wage-slaves—he and they had been born in the same Polish village and emigrated together to the States, and the wretched creatures regard their patriarchal oppressor with the awed admiration of a school for its own darling bully. In his old age Uncle Moses falls in love with a girl of sixteen, sinks into uxorious feebleness, and ends his days as a doddering old dreamer, creeping into his nephew's workshop to gossip about the past with his old contemporaries. *Chaim Lederer's Return* has a similar theme, save that boredom and not senile affection is the precipitant of Lederer's softening; while in *Judge Not* a younger Uncle Moses is more harshly subdued by a sentence of death. Underlying this immediate struggle between upbringing and achievement, is another, irreconcilable conflict between the old and the young. Moses and Lederer were born European peasants; their successors are middle-class Americans whose Judaism is a proud convention rather than a condition of being, and to whom old age can bring no alteration. Paradoxically, the revival of mediaevalism in Central Europe may prove the preservation of traditional Jewry. Purely as craftsmanship, this trilogy is a brilliantly satisfying piece of work. The unresting struggle for security, the ant-like resolution of the poor Jews, the freemasonry of blood and religion that survives even envy and prosperity are presented with utter conviction, while the individual characters are drawn with the accomplished understanding that has made Mr. Asch's work distinguished. Not the least distinction of *Three Novels* is that they seem to say the last word on an inexhaustible subject.

Mile End is quite another bowl of bortsch. Unlike Mr. Asch, Miss Nott is not content to confine herself to one character at a time, but "covers three generations . . . not in order to be 'historical' but to show the characters both in relation to tradition and responsibility." But why stop there? Why not thirty generations to show the characters in relation to political economics, or three hundred, in relation to biological development? This Mendelian trick of developing the characteristics of the fathers in the persons of the third and fourth generations may be necessary in the fumbling sciences; literature, surely, need not be so pedestrian. Miss Nott is deeply conscious of the age-old, mysterious Jew, and the dark, warm inscrutable surge of his blood, with the result that her style is so fraught with meaning

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and symbolism as to be almost unreadable. Her poor Jews are never allowed to be normal human beings, and just as the Gothic Revivalists excused their heroes the baseness of physical functions, so Miss Nott exempts her characters from the commonplaces of everyday life. Look at Abrahams going to bed:

> He lay down very flat on his lonely bed, where all night long he would not stir. From under the slope of dark which lay close and stifling above his head, his narrow white bed escaped towards infinity. And so he always slept, as though a secret had died with him.

But *I* think he sometimes snored.

And Having Writ is a jolly, old-fashioned novel that follows (for 150,000 words) the steady fortunes of a jolly, pedigreed family from its rise from the base root of a Tudor Barony to the fine flower of a Coronation Dukedom. The Deightons are a gallant if unimaginative lot, and proceed through the centuries cutting down Scots, Spaniards, Italians, French, Abyssinians (no, not then—the time *we* did it) and Turks with the same neat strokes and the same cool courage. All, with one exception, are gallant Tory gentlemen, and even the horrible Whig who murders his own son, "though a mean and heartless rake, was a man of action and a man of courage" who can skewer his wop with the best. After too much Sparkling Kafka and Ch. Swann. Grand Cru, Mr. St. John provides a refreshing cup of tea, and wherever we open his book there are swords, silks and gay courage. *And Having Writ* reminds us that the Christmas season has begun.

B.U.N.C. is about a munitions works, but is not in the least Proletarian. There is a wicked, beautiful female Capitalist (gives herself to an athletic young writer), a lovely film star (gives herself to a curate), four Bohemian geniuses (give themselves to the cause of Humanity), an ugly male Capitalist (gives himself up to the police), and a foreign film-director (gives himself over to bestial depravity in a Piccadilly flat full of porcelain tigers). Miss Gray's intentions are clearly of the best, and for moments her book is pleasantly entertaining. But she lays it on much too thick, and buries her inventive facility in a cloud of cliché, and the sarcastic capital letters of hammered-home satire. The general effect of her book is as if Mr. Anthony Powell, Beachcomber and the Editress of *Peg's Paper* had gone hand in hand to a British film-studio. And oh, how we wish Mr. Betjeman could have flown from Cheltenham to bear them company. JOHN MAIR

VAN GOGH

Vincent Van Gogh: Letters to Emile Bernard. Edited and translated by DOUGLAS LORD. *Cresset Press.* 15s.

Lust for Life: A Novel of Vincent Van Gogh. By IRVING STONE. With 150 illustrations. *Nonesuch Press.* 20s.

How much vulgarisation is one prepared to meet in the case of a favourite artist? It depends. I do not myself like Beethoven quartets in public houses or minuets on Wurlitzers. This notice caught my eye the other day in a furnisher's catalogue: "Dining-room suite, in best light oak, table, chairs, sideboard, etc., *complete with picture by Van Gogh*, thirty-five guineas." Horrifying? No, like most manifestations of popular *chic*, it amuses; and doubtless the Van Gogh matched the furniture. Of all the great nineteenth century painters, indeed, Van Gogh is the best adapted to stand up to modern popularity; through endless reproduction in all colours and sizes his work has preserved a certain integrity, while Gauguin's appears cheaper even than it is and Seurat's fades almost to nothing. This is due partly to the force of his ideas, which we can enjoy as it were in translation, like a Dostoevsky novel, without feeling that we have lost too much of the original; a pen sketch, a few lines of description in a letter, may even give the effect of the finished painting. There are, too, other ways of feeling his imagination besides looking at his pictures, as everyone knows who has read the remarkable collection of letters written to his brother. This more generalised approach tends, of course, to emphasise the evangelist at the expense of the artist, to miss the Japanese flowering at the end of a life of passionate and clumsy effort. Nevertheless, there are few painters whom one can know so justly at secondhand.

Mr. Douglas Lord, who has translated and edited a batch of twenty-two new letters, would object fiercely to such an approach. He admits that it is difficult, in the case of Van Gogh, to separate the artist from the man, but argues that we must do so "in fairness to the artist." I doubt if it is either possible or desirable. Standing before a particular painting, "Sunflowers" or "A Provençal Orchard," we do of course respond immediately to such a spurt of lyricism; but it is difficult to look at any number of Van Gogh's pictures without seeing them also as autobiography. Our attitude towards any painter is surely a matter not of choice but of instinctive feeling: Seurat's pictures of bathers or of models do not send us off thinking about Seurat, Van Gogh's Provence does make us think of Van Gogh. It is not a question of one artist succeeding and the other not; but of two men succeeding in different ways.

Though the letters to Emile Bernard are only twenty-two, and though we know already a thousand such letters written by Van Gogh, they have the power of moving us afresh, quite as though a half-dozen new canvases had been discovered. As usual, a friendship is enshrined, with all the passion he could feel for a fellow artist; sketches are exchanged, art and poetry discussed, Bernard's military service in Africa and Van Gogh's discovery of Arles form the two leading topics, to which characteristically an amount of quiet preaching is attached. What a queer life, these letters say again and again, all day at work, no chance of earning a penny, no home, few contacts, so that a visit to the Zouaves' brothel seems almost like going to church. The hope of art is linked with the sufferings and stoicism of common people. He relates delightedly his meetings with two men when he was out painting in the fields. The first, an artist, looked at the view and said: "That would be a bore to do." The second was a soldier:

> Well, while I was drawing a fellow came up, not a painter but a soldier. "Does it surprise you," I said, "that I find that as beautiful as the sea?"
>
> But he knew the sea, that fellow. "No," he said, "I'm not surprised that you find it as beautiful as the sea, but myself I find it *even more* beautiful than the sea, because it's *inhabited*."

Such anecdotes, which appear frequently in his letters, are the parables of his life. Few critics even now give sufficient importance to Van Gogh's religion. It was not merely the secular religion of a life dedicated to art—Flaubert's was that; it flowed over the least detail he put into his paintings. I always remember the passage in one of the letters to his brother, in which he described the birth of a calf at night: without affectation he remarked that the scene, men and women grouped round the cow with lanterns, reminded him of Bethlehem—"it was pure, holy, a Correggio." At the end of the present group of letters he returns to this theme of religion felt in the details of common life. Bernard had horrified him by going slapdash for a Biblical subject, *The Adoration of the Magi*. He criticises the actual picture, which he finds "artificial and affected," and goes on:

> When Gauguin was at Arles, as you know, I once or twice allowed myself to turn to abstraction, as in the *Woman Rocking the Cradle* or the *Woman Reading a Novel*; and at the time abstraction seemed to offer a charming path. But it's an enchanted territory, old man, and one quickly finds oneself against a wall.
>
> I don't say that after a manly lifetime of research, or hand-to-hand battles with nature, one might not risk it; but for my part I don't want to bother my head with such things. The whole year I have slaved away at nature, hardly giving a thought to Impressionism or anything else. . . .
>
> There are other ways of attempting to convey an impression of anguish without making straight for the historic Garden of Gethsemane; to convey something gentle and consoling it is not necessary to portray the figures of the Sermon on the Mount. It is undoubtedly wise and just to be moved by the Bible; but the realities of to-day have so taken a hold on us that, even when attempting abstractly to reconstruct ancient times in our thoughts, our meditations are broken into by the minor events of our daily life and we are brought back forcibly by our own experiences into the world of personal sensations—joy, boredom, suffering, anger, and laughter.

That is not to reject religion but, as an artist, to transform it.

These letters, so well annotated and translated by Mr. Lord, are pure gold. With full-page reproductions in monochrome of sketches and paintings it makes a surprisingly big volume—a hundred-odd pages. It is well worth the fifteen shillings charged for it. The Nonesuch Van Gogh is another matter. So far as illustration goes it is munificent: a hundred and fifty reproductions, some in colour. But there is Mr. Irving Stone's text, and this shocks me as the furnisher who gives away Van Goghs with his furniture does not. As *vie romancée*, it is not particularly sensational—though the final madness gives Mr. Stone the opportunity to bring on the scene an abstract woman of just the kind Van Gogh detested. No, the whole thing is just dull, worthy, documented, imperceptive and conceived with the sort of fussy heartiness which Dame Sybil Thorndike once brought to the part of Saint Joan. It seems to me popular in a bad sense: designed, that is, not to make readers look at Van Gogh for themselves, but to save them the trouble of doing so. However, there are the illustrations. G. W. STONIER

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Human Needs in Modern Society. By B. T. REYNOLDS and R. G. COULSON. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Problem of Leisure. By H. W. DURANT. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Work takes up so much of most people's time that it will be a pity if it cannot be made progressively more congenial. Wise men have insisted that it is more important to be able to put a little of one's personality into one's job than to have plenty of leisure for listening to oratorios; but as things are, the limited-liability conception of efficiency stands in the way of most of us enjoying our work, and this means a waste of human sensibility, and therefore of happiness. Because, unfortunately, the various efficiencies are not co-ordinated. I am not concerned with the economic waste, which is no doubt enormous too.

Both our books have a good deal to say about the causes and effects of the driving under of talent and initiative. It is, alas, only too obvious, say Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Coulson, that if factory workers were allowed scope for their creative abilities, these "would inevitably interfere with the efficiency and precision of working processes." Mr. Durant, more with people on office stools in mind, says that "the employee must secure a reputation for soundness, and any out-of-the-way interest may damage this reputation . . . he must conform completely." There is, to be sure, a kind of practical excuse for the dull boss to keep his more imaginative subordinates down—a thing he often thinks it a sensible precaution to do in any case. Sometimes (this is understandable though not very pretty either) the other party is artful enough to take counter-measures. Hence the bit of worldly wisdom that Ventidius offers a friend in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

> learn this, Silius,
> Better to leave undone, than by our deed
> Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.

Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Coulson are bent on casting out this wretched devil from human nature—this jealous, stupid or just conventional defensiveness which makes men take refuge from personal relationships in official ones, and in the powers which these confer. Quakers are against uniforms out of similar convictions—I mean they believe that if a man fancies he can shirk personal responsibility because he has put on a cocked hat, then cocked hats ought not to be worn. Mr. Reynolds's and Mr. Coulson's slow-moving but valuable book works up to this precept: people must learn to recognise themselves in others, and not forget the humanity common to us all, no, not even in the heat of the struggle for social change. "There is nothing," they say, anxious to give some useful advice, "to prevent A establishing intimate contact with B's subordinates, or B with A's." Taken as intended, this is not very inspiring. The prophet Isaiah would have expressed the same notion rather more uncompromisingly and poetically, but the prophet Isaiah was not more sincere than our authors. We must be ready to put up with a little prosiness now and again in a good cause. The moral is, that we should be personal in our relations with others, and not let ourselves be numbed by forms and phrases and generalities. Mr. Reynolds's and Mr. Coulson's heads are screwed on the right way.

We can say, then, without implying faith in a past Golden Age, that work in modern society tends to be too impersonal. What about leisure? I enjoyed Mr. Durant's book; it is orderly and informative, and there are spirited passages between the statistics. Mr. Durant says nothing, of course, about leisure as freedom to do nothing or anything, which is how schoolboys, poets and some others would plausibly define it. But even this minority need a congenial setting if they are happily to follow their more or less harmless whims. The good life is sociable, and the reason why the unemployed are irked by their enforced leisure is that they have a sense of not being integrally part of any community except the one made up of their unlucky selves. The good life is sociable: the state of Bohemia—the happier Bohemia of the two—was founded by artists because they are often poor devils, or not respectable, and therefore not allowed to be full citizens of the aristocratic or bourgeois empires.

Mr. Durant deals with the leisure of the millions. It may be complained that he devotes too much space to the cinema, football and gambling—in our other book there is a colossal list of organisations in this country for helping people to spend their free time. His explanation could be that these diversions do not only offer thrills but also something of integral common interest to talk about. In his analysis of film subjects and their treatment Mr. Durant remarks on the way that effort and success in so many films are "painted in terms of individual characteristics." The hero does everything off his own bat. The more sophisticated film-goer may easily fail to see the whole folly of this—one is hard put to it to remember how literal-minded one was as a child, and the unsophisticated remain literal-minded, and unable to recognise as such the travesties of life with which the cinema presents them. They accept these untruthful romanticised versions of what real, personal behaviour would be in a given situation; is this not as bad as being taken in by slogans and high-sounding words? The "individual" characteristics Mr. Durant speaks of are not the more *personal* because they exist in a vacuum. On the contrary. Few films do much for the promotion of reasonableness.

The temper of both these books is the right temper for a crisis, and indeed all times. *Human Needs in Modern Society* itself has the personal touch which its authors eloquently advocate.

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D. H. Lawrence. By HUGH KINGSMILL. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

It is a characteristic of genius, as opposed to talent, to attract into its orbit even those who are repelled by it. Such a book as *D. H. Lawrence* could not have been written about an ordinary author, for a critic so hostile to such an author could not take the trouble to write it. This is the one weakness of Mr. Kingsmill's book. It is clear he does not consider Lawrence a good writer, and to anyone who does not believe in Lawrence as a writer he can only appear comic as a man. But what a comedy! For the first time the life of Lawrence has been subjected to a critical Johnsonian scrutiny, and with devastating effect. Mr. Kingsmill has collated the impressions of Lawrence given to the world by five of the women in his life, Miriam, Mrs. Lawrence, Katherine Carswell, Dorothy Brett and Mabel Dodge, and supplied them with a sense of proportion and a sense of humour; he has carefully read the *Letters* and other reminiscences of Lawrence such as

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Middleton Murry's and Peter Warlock's, and he makes great use of his books to illustrate the situations which arose in his life. His thesis is one which a reference to the anthology of Lawrence's descriptions of landscape will bear out, that Lawrence, who was gifted with poetic genius, frittered it away in his search for power and the prophet's mantle.

> His marriage was inimical to the poetic element in him, and the rest of his life was spent in wandering round the world looking for some state of society in which to realise himself as a man of action, and gratify his desire to impose himself on others as a leader. When not engaged in looking for this Utopia, he was engaged in the equally fruitless attempt to think himself into a state of unthinking sexual contentment.

It may seem cursory to quote in this way from the wrapper, but it is a peculiarity of Mr. Kingsmill's book that he provides very little concentrated criticism of Lawrence in his book, being content to let the novels and the biographers tell their own tale. He makes due allowance for the war, which gave Lawrence persecution mania (*The Rainbow* was banned, and he had a German wife) and for his illness, which is known to foster delusions of power and potency, but traces the unsatisfactoriness of Lawrence's life to its true source in his childhood, with his worship of his mother. This set him back, morally and emotionally, and caused him to break with "Miriam," whom Mr. Kingsmill implies to be the woman most appreciative of Lawrence's lyrical gift and most beneficial to it, and to marry the splendid Frieda . . . "much-mothered children soon attract support and encouragement. It is natural to provide a leaning wall with a prop . . . He had found what he had lacked since his mother's death, some one in whom he could take cover from himself."

I have enjoyed this biography enormously, for a cold douche is most necessary to the reputation of Lawrence, inflamed as it has been by so much uncritical religious fervour, in fact, as a piece of debunking it stands high indeed, for it is never superficial or flippant, and depends for its effect on the cumulative absurdity of the accounts of his biographers and much of his own writing. Mr. Kingsmill proceeds by a blend of critical insight with masterly understatement, and when he chooses to, can express his own attitude very clearly.

> Lawrence suffered acutely from his feeling of social inferiority, a form of suffering usually dismissed as trivial, for there is almost as much dishonesty about what is called snobbishness as about sex. By giving a deep and universal passion a ridiculous name, Thackeray provided the English with yet another device for concealing from themselves the passions by which human beings are impelled. Snobbishness is the assertion of the will in social relations, as lust is in sexual. It is the desire for what divides men, and the inability to value what unites them.

As comedy the account of life at Taos is magnificent; having quarrelled with his rival male, Murry, Lawrence is left to rule his little herd of rebellious women, who have congregated there to start a new life.

> Another time Frieda burst out that Lawrence was done, finished. He was like glass, brittle. She would leave him, and make a real life for herself. Mabel was sympathetic, but urged Frieda to stick to him—"I did not want him," she reflected. "Neither did anyone else. Frieda must keep him. He was hers—good luck to her!"
>
> "You must never leave him," she said aloud. "You're the only woman he can live with. Besides, you know, he's not physically attractive. I don't think women want to touch him." "Of course they don't," Frieda exclaimed, "he's dry."

After reading Mr. Kingsmill I began to look through Lawrence's books with that "Come, come, he's not as bad as all that," feeling which destructive criticism generates, but it was some time before I could come upon anything to justify it. Lawrence was one of the most repetitive, bombastic and sloppy writers of English that there have been, his verse in particular is impudent in its redundancy. Everywhere there are symptoms of art and the artist, touches of exquisite lyricism, glimpses of profound psychology—but the work of art is wanting. As a prophet and seer on the other hand, I think Lawrence comes off. His message, that civilised human beings have lost great potentialities for development of happiness and understanding through the cultivation of the mind at the expense of the body, we should probably most of us consider true—just as it is true to say that civilised men undervalue women and that civilised women undervalue themselves. However we may resent the way in which Lawrence said this we must admit that he was right to say it, and that it had to be said. *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is a piece of social criticism as important as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Mr. Kingsmill is unfair to Lawrence in that he applies to him a double standard, condemning him as a materialist from the point of view of a man with spiritual values, and applying to Lawrence's spiritual side (his attempts to make a religion out of the physical life, and worship the sun in the solar plexus) a brutal common sense. He is unfair also in that he accuses Lawrence of ingratitude and meanness to several benefactors, when such ingratitude is but the normal development of talent through one influence to another. David Garnett describes a generous side of Lawrence, and both he and Huxley emphasise a humanity in him, a humorous and ironical attitude to himself, which Mr. Kingsmill denies him. What his book urgently requires is a long critical chapter on Lawrence's position as a writer, his influence, and his achievement. "Aut deus, aut non bonus homo" is Mr. Kingsmill's attitude, and while grateful for this necessary and able book, with its astute observation and scenes of roaring farce, one feels it still to be incomplete. I read through *Pansies* and *Nettles* in my search for something in Lawrence that has kept—not much there, but how fresh are some of the phrases, and some of the indignation though it was not till I read the story "The Blind Man" in *England, My England*, that his power asserted itself, the power to get outside his usual self, his usual subject, into his genius, his deep uncanny grasp of psychological truth in natures alien to his own.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

The Voluntary Citizen (An Enquiry into the Place of Philanthropy in the Community). By CONSTANCE BRAITHWAITE. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

This book is a valuable addition to the rather scanty literature of a problem that has long vexed social workers, administrators and political theorists. It falls into three main sections. In the first Dr. Braithwaite discusses in general (though with a good deal of particular references, notably in the sphere of public health) the essential nature and importance of "charity" or "philanthropy" in the social services, and compares the parts that are played, and that in her view ought to be played, by the State and by voluntary action respectively. The second section deals in detail with the financial side, and assembles a mass of interesting and significant information on the income of organised charities in England and Wales. Finally we have a detailed study of District Nursing Associations as an example of a service run by voluntary charitable bodies. Dr. Braithwaite's own position is that of a convinced Socialist. But she recognises certain limitations and handicaps on State action

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in the social services. She believes, as most sensible people do, that a democratic Socialist society has room for—and indeed needs the help of—the "voluntary citizen" and philanthropy in its widest sense. But, as her investigations clearly show, this philanthropy must play a supplementary and subordinate rôle. The inadequacy of charitable finance (of which we have a sad instance in the case of hospitals to-day) should never be allowed to restrict either the quantity or the quality of any social service which is required by the community. "The function of charity," as Dr. Braithwaite puts it, "is to demonstrate the desirability and practicability of particular forms of services until such time as the State is willing to finance those services."

The Barque "Magellan." By BERNARD FRANK. Translated from the French by E. KEBLE CHATTERTON. *Jarrolds.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Barque "Magellan" is a story of the French Deep-sea sailors, but it has little in it of the real kick of the sea or salt-water heartiness. Though well written, the style is much too self-conscious, dreamy, and restrained to interest readers who are on the look-out for a good rattling sea-narrative. But it is well packed with detail, and contains some good photographs of a large sailing-vessel. Says the French author: "Practically speaking, this book is not a novel; as near as possible it is the portrayal of a strange life, in the greatness and sufferings of which the author was fortunate enough to participate from his early youth." Most certainly it is not a novel, and it is a pity that so much sensitive writing goes to waste for want of a more virile framework.

The Dog in Sport. By J. WENTWORTH DAY. *Harrap.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

This is a lively, entertaining and well-written book. Those who don't like dogs might even change their minds about them. Mr. Wentworth Day starts his survey with, "Had William of Normandy not grounded the keels of his war vessels on Pevensey Beach and landed his barons on English soil it is probable that there would not be a fox-hound in England to-day." A little further on he says, "It is an odd fact that France and England alone have kept the art of venery alive." By venery, according to his many chapters, he means shooting over dogs as well as hunting behind them on horseback; and as before the War there was nearly as much game in Germany (possibly more) and as much individual shooting of it as in the British Isles, and in France comparatively little game, this is a somewhat misleading statement. But there is, otherwise, scarcely anything in the book to find fault with. The first chapter, in which is given the origin of the dog, the "dawn of the dog," is an excellent introduction, and the second chapter is a good piece of writing about hunting in the Arabian desert. But the outdoor atmosphere is most effectively sustained throughout, and the photographs are without blemish. It is a book for sensitive countrymen as well as for ordinary dog-lovers and sportsmen.

Puritanism and Liberty. The Army Debates, 1647–1649. Edited by A. S. P. WOODHOUSE. *Dent.* 18*s.*

The Camden Society's edition of the Army Debates being long out of print, this volume is a timely contribution to the discussion of the problems with which we ourselves are confronted to-day. For the relevance of the Puritan attitude to our own times is suggested by the spectacle of modern revolutionaries parading the streets with banners inscribed with the names of Milton, Cromwell and Lilburne, conscious (perhaps too conscious) claimants to the inheritance of a living tradition. Professor Woodhouse's admirable introductory essay discusses the relationship of the various Puritan factions, their common ground and their points of dissension, and, with less success, the complicated question of the interaction of material motives and the theological concepts in which they found expression and animation. How far these factors reacted upon each other, and the precise causative relationship of each to each seem to be questions insoluble outside the Marxian teaching of "economic basis," and "ideological superstructure," with *both* factors dynamic. That there was a consciousness of economic reality is manifest in the Putney Debates:

> Colonel Rainborough: I see that it is impossible to have liberty, but all property must be taken away . . . And Sexby: I see that though liberty were our end we have degenerated from it. . . . There are many thousands of us soldiers that have ventured our lives; all have had little propriety in the kingdom as to our estates, yet we had a birthright. But it seems now unless a man hath a fixed estate in the kingdom he hath no right in the kingdom. I wonder we were so much deceived.
>
> This was too strong for Cromwell, who turned the debate away from so dangerous a subject.
>
> Cromwell: I confess I was most dissatisfied with that I heard Mr. Sexby speak of any man here, because it did savour so much of will . . . if we meet here really to agree to that which is for the safety of the kingdom, let us not spend so much time on such debates as these are.

The common ground of puritanism was, emotionally, the intense and unhypocritical feeling of personal righteousness; that feeling remains in our own time, but it has become impersonalised, social. Beautifully produced and skilfully edited, this book is invaluable for those who would understand an attitude, which far from being spent, is, translated in our own idiom, exercising so great an influence upon ourselves.

About Motoring

FOG!

YET another winter is upon us, and we are as far as ever from solving the transport problems created by the fogs which shroud a large area of the British Isles on so many winter nights. The extraordinary severity of the problem is best illustrated by the railways. Trains run on definite and preordained tracks, equipped with an encyclopaedic system of signals, operated by an enormous and highly skilled staff. Yet a blanket of thick fog disorganises and decelerates our railway services quite fantastically. It is small wonder that the thousands of people who use the roads at night on their lawful occasions, travelling over free, variable and flexible tracks, devoid of any signal apparatus and unassisted by careful shepherds in turrets at short intervals, still await some solution of safe travel on foggy nights. This multitude of night travellers includes a great many persons whose movements and speed are important to the community—doctors, police, food suppliers, and the like. This army of public servants has long ceased to ask engineers for apparatus which will enable them to travel long distances in safety through fog, and least of all for equipment which will render a moderate speed possible. We only ask that we may be enabled to reach some neighbouring destination with certainty at a crawl; and even this mild boon is so far refused. The motor industry offers us at prices up to three and a half guineas articles which it has the effrontery to call "fog lamps"; but in actual fact all their devices are practically useless except in light and patchy mists; and in thick fogs they usually increase our helplessness, our bewilderment, and our peril. The only driver who can proceed with tolerable safety in such conditions is the happy Jehu at the wheel of a motor bus, provided his machine is of recent pattern; for if he be seated high up, alongside his engine, level with his front wheels, and above his source of light, he can usually struggle along at perhaps ten miles an hour on a road which he knows by heart.

There are, however, certain palliatives which could be employed on a far larger scale. First and foremost, the front windscreen of every motor car should open; and open to a height which enables a tall driver to see beneath the raised glass panel. Motor manufacturers have lately shown a liking for the unopenable windscreen, simply because it is a difficult and expensive matter to make a windscreen which opens and is also proof against leaks when driven into rain at high speed. In thick fog a driver is reduced to vision of the shortest imaginable range; he must peer right, left and forwards, moving his head like a robin in a cat-infested garden; and he cannot see properly through a closed screen, of which the wiper scours so small an area.

Secondly, the road engineers could give us far more assistance than they do. When we are blanketed by fog, and crawling along with the wheels barely revolving, we would give our souls for two definite scraps of information to be laid perpetually on tap, viz., where the road is, and whereabouts on that road—left, right or centre—our car is situated at the moment. We know where the road is if its nearside edge is rendered visible. Since the night itself *ex hypothesi* denies us such information, being devoid of illumination, and since all our lamps are non-orthochromatic, the edge of the road tends to be quite invisible. Our lamps cannot distinguish between green turf and grey tarmac, or bleached concrete and a stone wall. But if our lamps are partially colour-blind, they are not wholly so; and they can distinguish between grey tarmac and a whitewashed sill at the road edge, or between bleached concrete and a tarred sill. A sill dappled chequerwise with alternate squares of black and white is visible in the worst fog, provided the colouring matter is renewed annually. The expense would not be terrific. The requisite labour need not be highly skilled. Such an innovation would furnish suitable employment for many thousands who will be on the dole all this coming winter.

Even more simple is the tiny reform which would enable a driver through thick fog to identify the position of his car on the road. I was driving along a Sussex main road in a sea fret the other night. For some miles a pale grey tarmac road ran between green edgings, varying from turf to hedges. I crept along in grave anxiety as to the whereabouts of the road edge, and with the aid of a weak lamp tilted sideways occasionally received definite information for a yard or two as to where the nearside edge was. When I sighted it, I was usually on the verge of overrunning it, or heading towards it at a sharp angle, and promptly

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

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OPPOSITE the British Museum, Great Russell St., W.C.1. Telephones in all bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 9s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet and Inclusive Terms on application.

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HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

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HAVE your favourite suit copied exactly in a "John Peel" Cumberland Tweed, £4 17s. 6d. Fit guaranteed or money refunded. Patterns and particulars post free. REDMAYNE, LTD., 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

FURNITURE by WALTER SEGAL together with the first London Exhibition of sculpture by HERMANN and ERNA NONNENMACHER is to be seen at GERALD HOLTOM'S, 259b Tottenham Court Road, W.1. MUSeum 5119.

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ADVANCES £50 upwards with or without security. Immediate and Private.
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POPPY DAY, NOV. 11

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To ensure sparkling teeth and firm, healthy gums, use **KOLYNOS,** the antiseptic and cleansing tooth paste. Economical, too. Half-an-inch is enough. Of all Chemists and Stores. 1/9, 1/- and 6d. per tube.

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All small advertisements must be prepaid and Copy should arrive by TUESDAY, and in any case not later than first post Wednesday.

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★ ONE WORD: Place names, *e.g.*, St. Albans. Ashton-under-Lyne. Golders Green. 'Phone numbers, *e.g.*, HOL. 3216. 'Phone 2414. Groups of five letters or figures, *e.g.*, Y.M.C.A. or S.W.18, etc. TWO WORDS: Number and name of street, *e.g.*, 24 St. George's Street. 24 Broadway.

The Advertisement Manager
THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10 Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.1

sheered off in affright. After each sheer-away, my knowledge was momentarily reduced to the single fact that I was on the road. But whether I was on the left or the right of the centre, I had no notion. So the whole process recommenced. I nosed timidly and very, very slowly to my left until I sighted the near-side edge, when I sheered off again, like some mariner who narrowly dodges a collision on the high seas. Then came a blessed moment. I arrived at a section which had recently been resurfaced in halves with some form of concrete. As so often happens, a thin black smear marked the untidy junction between the two strips composing the new surface. As an engineer I dislike such unseemly and obvious joints; but as a benighted motorist I sang with glee. So long as I could see this thin, straggly, sombre smear, and keep it just outside my off front wheel, I knew exactly where I was on the road. I was on the correct half of it; and I was at a safe distance from the nearside edge. I could hope to avoid any invisible perambulator or pedestrian who might be hugging the nearside edge, guided by the feel of wheels or shoes upon the hard surface. Anon I entered the jurisdiction of some other petty road authority. Here the road was no longer bisected by any untidy but thrice-blessed smear; it spread from hedge to hedge in an unbroken expanse of dark grey; and my gropings promptly recommenced, except when the road bent dangerously; for there white or yellow lines came to my rescue once more, and for a few celestial yards I once more knew whereabouts on the road my car lay.

Certain road authorities, hampered by highways of such narrowness that their entire length is apt to be perilous in full daylight, have adopted the plan of painting a white or yellow line down the road centre for miles, using a broken line along the safer stretches, and a full line on the sharper bends. Examples are common in the western counties; and local motorists have already found these lines invaluable in night fogs. It is much to be hoped that road authorities throughout the country will experiment with some of these suggestions, as from now on fog will be a constant nightmare for doctors, lorry drivers, and others who cannot remain indoors on foggy nights.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 453

Set by Raymond Mortimer

The usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea are offered for the best English equivalent of Mallarmé's *Brise Marine*. Competitors may, if they wish, change the images of the original and the criterion will be the degree to which the entries are English poems that make an impression similar to that made by the French.

La chair est triste, hélas! et j'ai lu tous les livres.
Fuir! là-bas fuir! Je sens que des oiseaux sont ivres
D'être parmi l'écume inconnue et les cieux!
Rien, ni les vieux jardins reflétés par les yeux
Ni retiendra ce cœur qui dans la mer se trempe
O nuits! ni la clarté déserte de ma lampe
Sur le vide papier que la blancheur défend
Et ni la jeune femme allaitant son enfant.
Je partirai! Steamer balançant ta mâture,
Lève l'ancre pour une exotique nature!
Un Ennui, désolé par les cruels espoirs,
Croit encore à l'adieu suprême des mouchoirs!
Et, peut-être, les mâts, invitant les orages
Sont-ils de ceux qu'un vent penche sur les naufrages
Perdus, sans mâts, sans mâts, ni fertiles îlots . . .
Mais, ô mon cœur, entends le chant des matelots!

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, November 18.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 451

Set by G. W. Stonier

Every year the *Tailor and Cutter* sends its representative to criticise the portraits at the Royal Academy. A similar practice might be extended by others to books. We offer the usual prizes for the best criticism (in not more than 250 words) supposed to be written by one of the following: a licensed victualler on *Pickwick Papers*, a member of the Society for Psychical Research on *Peter Pan*, the editor of the *Matrimonial Argus* on Jane Austen's works, an anthropologist on *The Waste Land*, a welfare worker on *Crime and Punishment*, a conjurer on *Faust*, an M.F.H. on *Lady into Fox*.

Report by G. W. Stonier

In some of the competitions I have set—those requiring only an anecdote, or an epigram or two—almost every entry has had a possibility of winning, or at any rate, of ending up on the winners' heels. This competition must be more of a teaser than it looks, for though quite a number of people have gone in for it the distance between possible winners and certain losers is considerable. It was more difficult, apparently, than I should have thought, to catch the *irrelevant* note amusingly. Competitors set out bravely to imitate the style of licensing victuallers (florid and old-worldly) but found themselves bogged in the dullness of an after-dinner speech. Or they made the conjurer American and let him do a Runyon on *Faust* (too easy). I ruled out first those who failed to amuse; there remained a number, on different levels, some having disinterred amusing detail from the books discussed, others having made the discusser entertaining. "O. S. S.," as a welfare worker reviewing *Crime and Punishment*, had some good sentences: "A disappointing book, well meaning, with good ideas, yet marred by an irreligious atmosphere. . . . There is not a parson in the book, which shows that the Soviets *do* persecute religion. . . . Living conditions are far from sanitary throughout the book." But the first two winners are so much better than the rest that I have not the least hesitation in giving them prizes. Between them, there is not so much to choose. Both hit their styles admirably, both give most convincing slants on the books chosen. Perhaps the wealth of detail in Miss Barbara Fletcher's Jane Austen deserves recognition, but then I don't see how Mr. T. M. Parry could have done his *Lady into Fox* better. It will be fairest to divide the first prize. The second goes to Yorick's *Pickwick*.

FIRST PRIZE (1)
THE NOVELS OF JANE AUSTEN
Reviewed by the Editor of the *Matrimonial Argus*

Though her subject is courtship, we commend neither Miss Austen's indirect approach nor the exaggerated "delicacy" of "Elizabeth," who in *Pride and Prejudice* frivolously rejects "Gent., 27, handsome, £10,000 a year, Derbyshire estate."

Against the harmless *Northanger Abbey*, in which "Clergyman's Daughter, 17, £3,000," accepts "Clergyman, 24, private means, well-appointed parsonage," our only objection is to the couple's youth. In our experience ladies and gentlemen seldom contemplate marriage until widowed and past forty.

But the neurotic *Mansfield Park* informs us that "Dependent, 17 (again), no means," does right to recoil from "Man About Town, 24, accomplished, sociable, affluent." We have no room to dissect this dangerously unwholesome novel, but "Fanny's" morbid shrinking, the author's perverse approval, incline us to suspect inhibition. It is significant that she always remained *Miss* Austen.

Again, *Emma* reveals a marked aversion to match-making, and the author takes a spiteful pleasure in defeating "Emma's" well-meant plans; while in *Persuasion* a girl absurdly jilts "Naval Officer, 25, good prospects of promotion," and resigns herself to an unhappy home rather than burden his career.

Perhaps her best book, *Sense and Sensibility*, contains no freakish caprices; while in "Col. Brandon" the author comes nearest to describing the "widower," or ideal man. "Lucy," too, would be delightfully natural if left undistorted. But Miss Austen's diseased fancy creates sympathetic characters, such as "Mrs. Bennet," only for her malice to sneer them out of recognition.

Genius warped by spinsterhood. O, the pity of it!

BARBARA FLETCHER

FIRST PRIZE (2)

Lady into Fox. Reviewed by Sir Bicester Bloodstock, Bt., M.F.H.

Not my line of country at all, I'm afraid, even the title is a false scent, should be Lady into Vixen; just shows the slipshod way the book is written.

It's about a fellow and his wife, the wife turns into a vixen but behaves like a woman at first, wrapping herself in shawls and sleeping in a bed and other fanciful habits. Later the vixen takes the bit between her teeth and goes away like any decent vixen would, and has cubs as well by a fast dog fox; then the fellow finds the vixen and cubs in their earth, and unaccountably becomes jealous. Finally the fellow is in when hounds run down the vixen and have a first-rate kill, it doesn't say if the fellow was blooded.

The book improves towards the kill, but is not fit to be read in the shires, or even to children, it might put wrong ideas into their heads.

T. M. PARRY

SECOND PRIZE
CAKES AND ALE
Chatty review of the *Pickwick Papers* from the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*

No sensible reader—and by that adjective we exclude all teetotallers and other imperfect persons—no sensible reader, we aver, can put this

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ADELPHI. Bobby Get Your Gun. Thur., Sat.

ALDWYCH. They Fly By Twilight. W. S.

AMBASSADORS. Spring Meeting Wed., Fri.

COLISEUM. Varieties. Sats.

COMEDY. Room for Two. Tu., Fri.

GLOBE. Robert's Wife Wed. & Sat.

HIPPODROME. Fleet's Lit Up. Th. & Sat.

LYRIC. The Flashing Stream. Wed. & Thurs.

OLD VIC. Hamlet. Thur., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Dear Octopus. Wed. & Sat.

S. MARTIN'S. When We are Married. Tu., Fr.

SAVOY. Lot's Wife. Mon., Sat.

SHAFT'BURY. Good-bye, Mr. Chips. W., S.

STRAND. Banana Ridge. Thurs. & Sat.

VAUDEVILLE. Goodness, How Sad! Tu., S.

WESTMINSTER. Dangerous Corner. W., S.

WYNDHAM'S. Quiet Wedding. Wed., Sat.

OPERA & BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1
2d. 'bus from Piccadilly. (Terminus 1672.) 6d. to 7s. 6d.

Tues.,	Nov. 15th.	8.30.	BALLET—LE LAC DES CYGNES (Entirety).
Wed.,	Nov. 16th.	8.0.	THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO (Mozart).
Thurs.,	Nov. 17th.	8.30.	BALLET — HARLEQUIN IN THE STREET, THE RAKE'S PROGRESS, LES PATINEURS.
Fri.,	Nov. 18th.	8.0.	MADAM BUTTERFLY.
Sat.,	Nov. 19th.	2.30.	LA BOHEME.
Sat.,	Nov. 19th.	8.0.	THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.

THEATRES

ADELPHI. (Tem. 7611.) Evgs., 8.15. Th., Sat., 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES in
BOBBY GET YOUR GUN
GERTRUDE NIESEN. DIANA CHURCHILL.

ALDWYCH. (Tem. 6404.) Evgs., 8.30. W. S. 2.30.
RICHARD BIRD in
THEY FLY BY TWILIGHT
by Paul Dornhurst.

AMBASSADORS. Tem. 1171. EVGS., 8.30.
Mats., Wednesdays & Fridays, 2.30
SPRING MEETING
A Light Comedy by M. J. Farrell and John Perry.

COMEDY. Whi. 2578. Evgs., 8.30. Tu., Fri., 2.30.
ELSIE RANDOLPH, HENRY KENDALL and HUGH WAKEFIELD in
ROOM FOR TWO

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE, EMLYN WILLIAMS in
THE CORN IS GREEN
A Comedy
by EMLYN WILLIAMS.

GARRICK. Tem. 4601. 8.30. Mats., Th., Sat., 2.30
GYLES ISHAM and WANDA ROTHA.
ELISABETH OF AUSTRIA
"A PLAY TO SEE."—*Daily Telegraph.*
by Katriona and Elizabeth Sprigge.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVGS., 8.30 sharp.
Mats., WEDS. and SATS., 2.30 sharp.
ROBERT'S WIFE
By ST. JOHN ERVINE.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. 8.15. Th., Sat., 2.30.
FRANCES DAY, STANLEY LUPINO
ADELE DIXON, RALPH READER
in **THE FLEET'S LIT UP**
GEORGE BLACK'S ROLLICKING MUSICAL FROLIC.

LYRIC. Ger. 3686. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
GODFREY TEARLE, MARGARET RAWLINGS in
THE FLASHING STREAM
by CHARLES MORGAN

OLD VIC. (WATERLOO 6336.) 6d. to 7s. 6d.
EVGS. (exc. Mon.), 7.15. Mats., THURS. & SAT., 1.45.
Last 2 weeks of **HAMLET**
Produced by TYRONE GUTHRIE.
Tues., Nov. 22nd, at 8 (for two weeks only),
MAN AND SUPERMAN, by George Bernard Shaw.
Produced by LEWIS CASSON.

PLAYHOUSE. Whi. 7774.
Evgs., 8.30 (ex. Mon.). WED., THURS., SAT., 2.30.
THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY
By Thomas Dekker.
Produced by NANCY PRICE.

QUEEN'S. Ger. 4517. Evgs. at 8.15 sharp.
Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST JOHN GIELGUD in
DEAR OCTOPUS. By DODIE SMITH.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. 1443. 8.30. Tu., Fri., 2.30.
LONDON'S LAUGHING SUCCESS
J. B. PRIESTLEY'S FARCICAL COMEDY
WHEN WE ARE MARRIED

SAVOY. (Tem. 8888.) Evgs., 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.
LOT'S WIFE by Peter Blackmore.
NORA SWINBURNE. J. H. ROBERTS.
"Laughter in every line."—*Daily Herald.*

SHAFTESBURY. Gerrard 6666.
Evgs., 8.15 prompt. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
LESLIE BANKS, CONSTANCE CUMMINGS in
GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) Evgs., 8.30. Thurs. & Sat.
ROBERTSON HARE & ALFRED DRAYTON in
BANANA RIDGE
by Ben Travers.

UNITY. (EUS. 5391.) Evgs., ex. Mons., 8.30.
OPENING NOVEMBER 15
BABES IN THE WOOD
A PANTOMIME WITH POLITICAL POINT.
Doors open 7.30. Book now: 1/- to 3/6. Members only.
Unity Theatre, Goldington St., N.W.1.

VAUDEVILLE. (Tem. 4871.) 8.30. Tues., Sat. 2.30.
GOODNESS, HOW SAD!
by Robert Morley.
Reserved Seats from 3/6. Unreserved, 2/6.

VICTORIA PALACE. (Vic. 1317.) Nightly, 6.20 & 9.
LUPINO LANE
TEDDIE ST. DENIS & GEORGE GRAVES
ME AND MY GIRL
THE HOME OF "THE LAMBETH WALK."

WESTMINSTER. (Vic. 0283.) 8/6, 6/6, 4/6, 2/6.
Evenings, 8.40. Matinees, Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
LONDON MASK THEATRE presents:—
J. B. PRIESTLEY'S
DANGEROUS CORNER
(FOR A LIMITED RUN ONLY)
"Probably the most ingenious play ever written."—*The Times.*
Commencing Boxing Day, December 26,
Eugene O'Neill's Great Comedy,
MARCO MILLIONS

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. Bar 3028 and 9.
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
QUIET WEDDING
ELIZABETH ALLAN, FRANK LAWTON MARIE LÖHR

REPERTORY THEATRES

HULL. Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5 p.m. **Little**
The Doctor's Dilemma
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

LIVERPOOL. **The Playhouse**
Evgs., 7.45. Mats., Sat., 2.30.
The Boy David
J. M. Barrie.

VARIETY ENTERTAINMENTS

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161.
November 14th. 6.25 and 9. Mats., Sats., 2.30.
GEORGE ROBEY, Comedian Harmonists, Renee Houston & Donald Stewart, Forsythe, Seamon & Farrell, Kirk & Lawrence, Jasper Maskelyne, etc.

DANCE

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30th.
DANCE IN AID OF THE
CECILE BOOYSEN CLINIC
AT NEW BURLINGTON GALLERIES.
From Nine till Two. Bar. Tickets 5/- or 5 for £1, from TESSA VAN SOMEREN, 25 Whitehall Park, N.19, or at the door.

FILMS

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
DANIELLE DARRIEUX
in her latest and greatest French triumph
KATIA (A).
Princesse Marthe Bibesco's world-famous love romance.

BERKELEY, Berkeley St. May. 8505
MARTHA EGGERTH and JAN KIEPURA
Two world-famous singers in
the great musical romance
ZAUBER DER BOHEME (A)

EVERYMAN (opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285
MONDAY, 14th NOVEMBER, for TWO WEEKS.
ALBERT PREJEAN and LOUIS JOUVET
in **ALIBI** (A)
with ERICH VON STROHEIM
Also *THE RIVER.*

FILM SOCIETY. 2.30 p.m. Sunday, NOV. 20.
LENIN IN OCTOBER
MEMBERS ONLY.
Applications to SECRETARY, 31 POLAND ST., W.1. Ger. 4212

LONDON PAVILION. Ger. 2982.
FREDRIC MARCH, VIRGINIA BRUCE in
THERE GOES MY HEART (U)
Showing at 10.50, 1.0, 3.15, 5.30, 7.40, 10.0.

CONCERTS

20th CENTURY THEATRE
291 WESTBOURNE GROVE, W.11.
EURHYTHMY
BY ARTISTS FROM THE GOETHEANUM.
Saturday, November 12th
Tuesday, November 15th } at 8.15 p.m.
Tuesday, November 22nd
Tickets, 8s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. 'Phone: Cunningham 2740.

CONCERT OF SOVIET MUSIC.
GEORGE PARKER (baritone), HELEN PERKIN (pianoforte), KATHLEEN WASHBOURNE (violin), JESSIE HINCHLIFFE (violin), in works by Prokofiev, Myaskovsky, Shostakovich, Khachaturian, Kabalevsky.
Friday, November 25th, at 8.30 p.m.
Cowdray Hall, Henrietta Place, W.1.
Tickets: 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. and 1s. 6d. from S.C.R., 98 Gower Street, W.C.1. (EUSton 2315).

EXHIBITIONS

EXHIBITION OF GREAT MASTERS
14th to 18th Centuries
from N. V. BACHSTITZ GALLERIES,
The Hague,
at KNOEDLER HOUSE,
15 OLD BOND STREET, W.1.

ENGLISHWOMAN EXHIBITION of BRITISH ARTS AND HANDICRAFTS. Opening Wednesday, 16th, 12 noon, by The Duchess of Hamilton. Daily, 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. Nov. 16th–26th. Central Hall, Westminster. Admission 1s. 2d. (inc. tax).

LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Sq. 10–6.
(1) Sculpture and Drawings by DORA GORDINE.
(2) Paintings by CHARLES CUNDALL, A.R.A.
(3) Recent paintings by SUZANNE EISENDIECK.

THE LONDON GROUP. 37th Winter Exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture. New Burlington Galleries, Burlington Gardens, W.1. Daily 10 to 5.30.

SCULPTURE BY
HERMANN AND ERNA NONNENMACHER
FURNITURE DESIGNS BY
WALTER SEGAL
At GERALD HOLTOM'S Exhibition Room,
259B Tottenham Court Rd., W.1. 10–6. Sats., 10–1

RESTAURANTS

WHAT'S left of the right people and what's right of the left people all meet at RULES, Maiden Lane, for Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Estd. 1780.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. Mus. 6428.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 805

book down without saying in his heart, "Oh, for another Pickwick!" "Oh, for a host of Pickwicks!" "Shall we ever see his like again?" . . .

We are not of those who must always be praising old times and belittling the present generation. But it will hardly be maintained by the most enthusiastic modern that we are as ventripotent or as sound men of our elbows as were our forefathers in those more "spacious days." Which of us could claim to drink level with Mr. Pickwick and yet remain as reasonably sober as he? Which of us could have vied with him—or indeed, with any of the lesser protagonists of this immortal book—in the indiscriminate consumption of cold punch and warm brandies-and-water? Which of us could? . . .

On the only two occasions when that great man could have been said to have been "under the influence of liquor" or, as our Irish friends say, "to have drink taken," it is impossible to compute the amount he had absorbed. Some measure of his capacity may perhaps be ascertained by endeavouring to count up the number of "brandies-hot" which he got outside of on his journey to Bristol to interview the elder Winkle. We suggest this to our readers as an interesting exercise, though they will find it difficult to arrive at any exact conclusion.

It will elude them as it has eluded me—but the total, however varying, will be impressive.

And this it must be remembered, after "taking in" Mr. Bob Sawyer's flagon of cold punch . . . YORICK

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 306.—CINDERELLA

Cinderella met her Good Fairy in the wood, and the Good Fairy (to cut a long story short) said:

"Well, my dear; and what can I do for you?"

"I should like," answered Cinderella, "the gift of perpetual youth."

"And you shall have it," said the Good Fairy.

"You see," Cinderella explained, "I should hate to be as old as Begonia." (Begonia was the elder of her two sisters.) "Begonia's eight years older than I am."

The Good Fairy touched Cinderella with her wand. "Be for ever," she said, "your present age."

When her sisters heard about the Good Fairy's gift they were very, very angry. "You selfish little slut," said Begonia. "You forget that every year father gives us—to be divided equally among us—a cheque for that number of thalers which is the product of our three ages in years."

"That's right," said Fuchsia, who had cauliflower ears but was good at mental arithmetic. "Let me see—in the next two years alone your selfishness will cost us 1,382 thalers."

How old is Cinderella?

PROBLEM 304.—THE PRAYING-MATS

Solution by Robert Beveridge.

Let a and b be the sizes in feet of the mats bought by Mabel and c and d the sizes of those bought by Ethel. Then we have the equation: $(a^2 + b^2) - (c^2 + d^2) = 100$.

On the footing that neither a, b, c nor d exceeds 14 and that a and b are both larger than c and d, there are the following alternative solutions, viz.:

a and b =	c and d =
7 and 8	2 and 3
6 and 9	1 and 4
5 and 10	3 and 4
8 and 9	3 and 6
13 and 14	11 and 12
8 and 11	6 and 7

One only of those solutions (the last) allows both Mabel and Ethel alternative ways of laying out their money. Therefore, Mabel's mats were 8 *and* 11 *feet square* and Ethel's mats 6 *and* 7 *feet square.*

PROBLEM 303.—CONCERNING ANDY DIVOT

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: W. J. Goshawke, 23 Silverdale Road, Barnehurst, Kent.

Eight points are awarded. CALIBAN

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

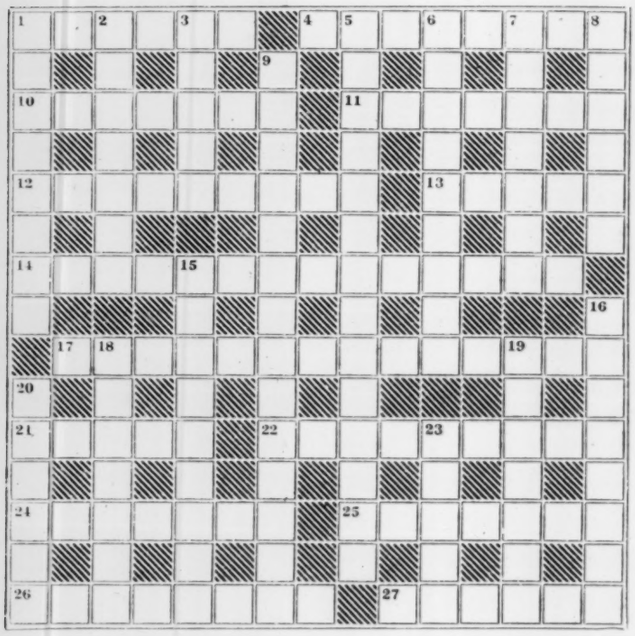
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 453

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

E. F. Wakling, 21 Sale Hill, Sheffield

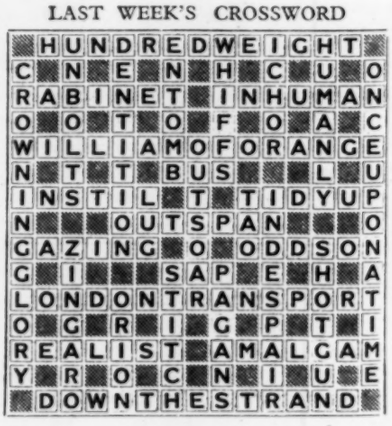
ACROSS

1. The sort of men our fathers were in those days. (6)
4. Result of the marksman missing the target. (8)
10. Result of not being bloody enough. (7)
11. The vanity of man. (7)
12. A news-paper of course. (9)
13. It takes an age to get her. (5)
14. What our ancestors called what Americans call pants. (14)
17. Hangman's idea of quadruple executions. (14)
21. Inartistic 18. (5)
22. Hester Prynne was made to wear it every day. (9)
24. Fortunately we don't have to go there to vote. (7)
25. At any rate he doesn't have a harrowing time at school. (7)
26 Constellation Pisces. (8)
27. Domestic boiler. (6)

DOWN

1. Such blooming things are not in flower. (8)
2. A ragman is this of this. (7)
3. Playful Athenian. (5)
5. M.D. (14)
6. A couple of months ago. (9)
7. Do such persons suffer from a surfeit of birthdays? (7)
8. Performance by dolls in a ring? (6)
9. Preliminaries to footing a bill perhaps. (14)
15. The sound part of some plays. (9)
16. Reagents vary so. (8)
18. Vale, Artist. (7)
19. T.T. wines are made from it. (7)
20. On the outside of a stationary omnibus. (6)
23. Do go back in before, as the poet said. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



TRAINING CENTRES

THE BEDFORD FROEBEL TRAINING COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS, 14 The Crescent, Bedford. Recognised by the Board of Education. Principal: MISS MARGARET SPENCE. Students are prepared for the examination of the National Froebel Union. The course of training is for 3 years. Fees with residence, £103 19s. to £110 5s. Fees without residence, £34 13s. per annum. For further information respecting Courses, Bursaries and Residence, apply to the SECRETARY.

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford. Principal: MISS STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing. Hockey, Lacrosse, Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fee £165 per annum. For prospectus apply SECRETARY.

THE WESTMINSTER TUTORS.

Coaching for University, School and Civil Service examinations. (Men or women students.) Individual tuition in weak subjects. Reasonable charges. For prospectus, etc., apply MISS FREESTON, M.A.Oxon., 2 Westminster Palace Gardens, Artillery Row, S.W.1 (beside the Army and Navy Stores). Interviews by appointment only. Tel.: Abbey 2976.

A DEGREE is possible for YOU. Now that Candidates for a London Degree who are 23 or over may take the shorter Special Entrance Exam. instead of Matriculation, the way to a Degree is easier. 897 Wolsey Hall students have passed the London Special Entrance Examination.—Free Guide to London Univ. Degrees and particulars of Home Study Courses from DIRECTOR OF STUDIES, Dept. VH902, WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD.

APPOINTMENTS, VACANT & WANTED

BOROUGH OF TAUNTON.

APPOINTMENT OF LIBRARIAN.

APPLICATIONS are INVITED for the position of LIBRARIAN, at a commencing salary of £350 per annum.

Preference will be given to candidates who hold the certificates of the Library Association or the London University School of Librarianship, and who have had organising experience in a modern public library.

The person appointed will be required to pass a medical examination and the appointment will be subject to the Local Government and Other Officers' Superannuation Act, 1922.

The appointment will be made as from April 1st, 1939, and will be subject to termination by three months' notice on either side.

Forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications, marked "Librarian," accompanied by copies of three recent testimonials, must be delivered not later than December 1st, 1938.

Canvassing will be deemed a disqualification.

Municipal Buildings, Taunton. W. H. BAILEY, Town Clerk.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BOYS' CLUBS.

Three or four men will be required shortly to act as Secretaries to County Associations of Boys' Clubs in England at salaries of £300 a year with expenses. Qualifications required include genuine interest in social work, good education, energy and organising ability; experience of boys' clubs, appeal work and public speaking an advantage; age between 30 and 45 preferred; training arranged as necessary: applications in the first instance by letter only to SECRETARY, National Association of Boys' Clubs, 17 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1, before November 18th, 1938.

INDIA. Wanted mistresses (Kindergarten and Domestic Science) for European High School in Hills. Interest in missionary work, international friendliness and children's spiritual welfare essential. Apply Kimmins High School, Panchgani, Bombay Presidency, India.

NATIVE FRENCH TRANSLATOR required by international organisation for occasional work. Highest standard essential. Please apply T. W., c/o Box 3308.

YOUNG woman, progressive, kindergarten training essential, to go to China in February; half-time care one/two small children, all expenses, leisure, interesting contacts. ALEXANDER, The Mead, Shalbourne, Wilts.

DOMESTIC help wanted for small guest-house, London. Own room, good home. Box 3278.

GENTLEWOMAN (30), with real capacity for work, seeks country post. Experienced domestic, secretarial, care of children and animals, gardening, driving. Box 3284.

LADY (36) desires post as Secretary. High-speed stenographer. Wide experience and excellent references. Box 3277.

YOUNG woman, Viennese, seeks post. University graduate (English, German, French); experienced translations and children, domesticated, diligent, adaptable. Excellent references. Box 3294.

WORK wanted: secretarial, literary, political; French, Italian translation; coaching. Oxford degree, philosophy. Ring FUL. 7649.

LADY (27) desires post, domestic, secretarial, or with children. Box 3304.

VERSATILE young woman, qualified agriculture, seeks employment. Social, political interests. Experimental farm? Box 3301.

YOUNG woman, fully trained domestic science, experienced children, excellent testimonials, wants job. Live out. Box 3263.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 805

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can obtain a
DEGREE

NO matter what your position or prospects, a University Degree is a good thing to have. You can obtain a London University Degree without 'going into residence' or attending lectures. It is necessary only to pass three exams. You can do all your reading for these AT HOME AND IN LEISURE HOURS with the experienced help of Wolsey Hall (founded in 1894). Conducted by a staff of over 50 Graduate Tutors, Wolsey Hall courses have enabled hundreds of men and women to graduate, thereby increasing their mental abilities, widening their outlook, and raising their status.

● **WRITE FOR FREE PROSPECTUS** (saying if your preference is for Arts, Science, Economics, Commerce, Law or Theology) to the Director of Studies, Dept. VH85,

Wolsey Hall, Oxford

PROPRIETORS: DIPLOMA CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, LTD.

PERSONAL

VOLUNTEER HELPERS welcomed. Personal or typing services. St. Francis Hospital, Red Lion Square.

GERMAN for Beginners, Readers of Poetry, Scientists. Write DR. WALDE, 167 Gloucester Terrace, W.2.

LEFT-WING graduate on leave from India, January to June, wants suggestions how to serve peace and progress. Apply Box 3209.

MINIATURE camera users, send to me for fine-grain developing. Every film processed individually. Price list on request. WALSH, 70 Grand Parade, Brighton.

TUBERCULOSIS TREATMENT. Wonderfully successful Jewish doctor and capable wife must leave Central Europe. Will anyone help save them from dispair by assisting emigration? Particulars from "Mitleid." Box 3184.

SPANISH lessons by young Spanish scientist with commercial experience. Write, 4 Southdown Gardens, W.7.

GERMAN girl, at present London, aged 17, healthy, intelligent, seeks hospitality, English family, one to four months to improve language. Box 3279.

"THE PROBLEM OF A CAREER" solved with the co-operation of "THE VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE BUREAU," 54 Tully Street, Higher Broughton, Manchester. Send stamp for free descriptive booklet.

TO LABOUR M.P.s! Intelligent young woman offers services. Shorthand, typing, etc. Expense fee. Box 3285.

WHICH KIND-HEARTED FAMILY, London, would receive German boy for fortnight, January? Box 3280.

FOREST and Sea. Writer, artist or professional, wanted to share quiet, well-appointed house. Own study if required. NISBET, "Sherwood," Barton-on-Sea, Hants.

FOREIGN Accent eliminated. Speech Defects cured. Public Speaking, Voice Production. GLADYS NYREN, L.R.A.M.(Elocution), 114 Haverstock Hill, N.W.3

DARE YOU SPEAK IN PUBLIC? Learn to be fluent, confident and convincing. Day and evening private tuition, classes, postal courses. Apply Secretary, Full Booklet No. 19, ARTHUR DUXBURY, 115 High Holborn, W.C. MUS. 2386.

EDUCATED and intelligent Austrian lady seeks post as companion-help or governess; experienced with invalids. Write MISS LÖBL, Bethesda Home, George Street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester.

SINGLE payment of £5 5s. ensures life membership of The Cremation Society, with the right of free cremation at any crematorium in Great Britain. Thousands already joined. Full information in beautiful booklet, "Why Cremation?" free. NSL., CREMATION SOCIETY, 47 Nottingham Place, London, W.1. WELbeck 6079.

LET JOHN SIMON, with his LIBERAL knowledge of garden management, estimate for planning, contracting and supplying you with materials. 'Phone: HAMpstead 1081.

PERSONAL—continued

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. Quick, cheap, lasting, harmless, as grateful 1,000's testify. Either sex. Write: CARLTON CHEMICALS, 251 Birmingham.

WE smoke "Tom Long" and like the Kangaroo Keep in the pouch our best possessions too.

NO Robins, no Holly, no Mistletoe, and only a very little snow on ANTHONY PANTING'S Christmas cards. Heal's, Spurriers and the Challenge have them for you to see in London and your stationer can get them to order by return or you can write to me directly or call at 5 Paddington Street, W.1, for a set of eight (2s. 6d. with envelopes) or single copies at 4d.

HAVE YOU A GIFT TO MAKE? Send a dainty "Grove & Garden" Token for Flowers or Fruit. Any value from 5s. Particulars: GROVE & GARDEN, LTD., 26 Long Acre, W.C.2. (PAD. 5591.)

"THE ART OF RECORD BUYING"
The 1938 edition of this book contains over 100 pages of information that is invaluable to gramophone owners. Send 2d. in stamps for a free copy.
E.M.G. HAND-MADE GRAMOPHONES LTD., 11 Grape Street, London, W.C.2.

DETECTIVES. Divorce, Enquiries, etc. Terms moderate. Consultations free. UNIVERSAL DETECTIVES, 12 Henrietta Street, W.C.2. Tem. Bar 8594.

ACCOMMODATION
To Let and Wanted

A BACK WITH A VIEW. Over lovely gardens. Tennis. 15 minutes Piccadilly. From 25s., bed b'fast; 37s. 6d., part board. Also FLATLETS (unfurn.). Alcove basins. Kitchenettes, private baths from 18s. 6d. 11 Clifton Gardens, W.9. ABErcorn 3035.

EXCEPTIONALLY attractive double room, 30s. each part board. Also single room with private bath. Eight week sub-let, £2 2s. p.b. PRI. 6466.

HYDE PARK, 41 Cambridge Terrace, W.2. Ambassador 2941. H. and c. basins. 5s. 6d. nightly with breakfast, from 23s. 6d. weekly.

DEAL, Kent. Send for photo of our sea view. Very good cooking. Single 3½, Double 5½ gns. LLOYD, 9 Castle Road.

W.C.1. One-roomed flatlets. Use kitchens. One has private kitchen. Mus. 8059 before 1 p.m.

BEAUTIFULLY appointed service rooms with baths and breakfast from 5s. 6d. per night. Double from 50s. per week. 29 West Cromwell Road, S.W.5. Flax. 1181.

BLOOMSBURY. Well-furnished, single divan bed-sitting room. Private flat, very quiet. Breakfast if required. Box 3297.

W.C.1. 12 Bedford Place. Divan sitting-room with breakfast, from 30s. inclusive, in superior house. H. and C. also 2 rooms com. lower floor, suit 2 or 3 friends, 22s. 6d. each. Museum 1551.

HOLLAND PARK. Modern rooms with breakfast, 25s. Constant hot water. Quiet house. 1 min. Central London Tube. 19 Clarendon Road. Park 7016.

ADVERTISER could give furnished one-roomed flat with kitchen and bath, Mayfair, until March, to genuine needy German or Austrian Jewish refugees. Please reply Box 3305.

PROFESSIONAL man strongly recommends furnished room, St. John's Wood. Box 3299.

NEAR Lincoln's Inn Fields and Holborn Tube station. Two attractive divan rooms to let. With baths, service and breakfast, from 30s. 'Phone: Hol. 4112.

YOUNG man WANTS furnished service apartment, no meals; within 20 minutes Marble Arch. About £1. Fullest particulars. Box 3275.

GROUP ACCOMMODATION

BUSTON MANOR, Hunton ('Phone: 85174), near Maidstone, Kent, for small conferences, schools, parties, etc. Moderate week-end terms. Enquiries invited.

LECTURE room (seating 80) available for social meetings, lectures, pupils' concerts, etc. For particulars and terms, apply SECRETARY, 34 Nottingham Place, W.1.

HOUSES, FLATS, PROPERTY, etc.
For Sale, To Let and Wanted

ON BLACKHEATH (S.E.). In a quiet close, adjacent to Greenwich Park, 10 maisonettes, planned by an Architect in the Queen Anne style, with every detail carefully studied. Rents £105 to £125 p.a. STOCKER & ROBERTS, 2/3 Junction Approach, Lewisham, S.E. Lee Green 3771/3.

WE are just completing a small scheme of four-bedroom houses in a quiet central position at Welwyn. For sale at £1,075 and £1,175 and a few to rent from £92 p.a. If you think of living in this pleasant unspoiled town (only 30 mins. from King's Cross) send a card for particulars to N. S. WILLIAMS, Estate Office, Welwyn Garden City. Or 'phone Welwyn Garden 248.

CHILTERN HILLS. Charming home for sale. Three bedrooms. Particulars: 30d Roxborough Park, Harrow.

KENT, 35 miles from London. Small HOUSE standing in acre of garden, to let; 2 reception, 4 bedrooms, kitchen, scullery, bathroom; electric light, main water. Peaceful situation. Write Box 3288.

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By DIVES

BRIGHTER MARKETS—COMMERCIAL MOTORS—U.S. ELECTION REACTIONS—THE CRISIS AND MONEY RATES

THE Stock Exchange is brighter. This may surprise or shock investors who read the political pages of this journal before they read "The Week in the City," but as my job is to record facts and not political opinions I am bound to say that the tone of the Stock Exchange improved on the King's speech and on Mr. Chamberlain's optimistic view of the trade outlook. In the City the Prime Minister is still regarded seriously. What is more, the volume of business improved with the tone, for the post-election boom in Wall Street revived speculative activity. In fact, buyers actually returned to the industrial share markets and quite an impressive list of rises was marked up against the leading shares. The October unemployment return confirmed the City's impression that the recession in this country has at least halted. The latest week's railway traffic figures were a shade better than the past few returns, and the decision of the P. & O. board to make up the 1937–38 distribution to 8 per cent., as compared with 4 per cent. in 1936–37, came as an agreeable surprise to the market in view of the company's traditionally conservative dividend policy. In the general rally, the success of the Woolworth issue was a contributing factor. After opening at 1½*d.* premium these "new" shares advanced to 1/1½ premium. (The Ranks issue this week seems less likely to repeat the success of the Woolworth.) Aircraft shares have, of course, been especially favoured on the expectation that the Air Force will be doubled. Fairey Aviations 10*s.* shares, for example, have advanced to 27*s.* 3*d.* and if, as I anticipate, the dividend is increased in December to 15 per cent. tax free (from 12½ per cent. tax free), the shares are still reasonably priced to yield 7.6 per cent. gross. I mention this share with due cynicism because if the Government were to do the right thing, which is to set up a Ministry of Supply and limit the rate of profit of all armament companies, I should not be recommending aviation companies at all. If the Stock Exchange is now going to stage a "boomlet" in company with Wall Street, it will disgust the more sober-minded investors.

The returns of automobile production for the season now ended are not impressive, but the shares of the commercial motor companies have actually been strong as the following table reveals:

	Price Nov. 1st.	Price Nov. 9th.	Last Earnings. %	Last Div. %	Est. Div. %	Gross Yield % on Estimated Div.
Leyland Motors, £1	80/-	93/9	60.8	25	27½	£5 18 0
John I. Thornycroft, Ltd. ..	26/-	28/9	25.0	nil	10	£6 19 0
Albion Motors, £1	45/6	47/3	31.6	12½	15	£6 7 0

Thornycroft, of course, comes within the armament category as it builds destroyers and small naval vessels. In the year ending 31st July last this company delivered four destroyers and its orders on hand at the beginning of its new financial year were twice as much as those in 1937/38. Leylands are in quite a different category as manufacturers of heavy commercial vehicles, the registrations of which are actually showing an increase this year. The company, has, of course, rearmament orders, but the steady peace-time conversion of vehicles from petrol to diesel engines, not to mention the conversion of trams to trolley buses, should provide this company with a good deal of work for some years to come. The dividends should again be increased this year.

* * *

The Congressional elections have gone better—which is to say that President Roosevelt's New Dealers have fared worse—than Wall Street expected; and the strength of the market on election eve showed that its expectations were fairly sanguine. The defeat of Governor Murphy in Michigan was regarded (from the bankers' standpoint, be it said) as a salutary knock in the eye for labour and Mr. Lewis's Committee for Industrial Organisation. It had never been believed by the market that Mr. Roosevelt would find himself during the next Session a "prisoner in the White House," and the Democratic majority both in the Senate and in the lower Chamber is still immense. But, from the Wall Street angle, the country's enthusiasm for the New Deal appears to be waning, even in the farming areas; and this was enough to give the market a fresh impetus. The Dow Industrial index, which had risen on Monday from 152.1 to 154.9, closed on Wednesday at 158.1. General Motors, which I recommended last week at 49½, rose to 53½, and look like going higher. Automobile output is rising fast, and November production is put at the respectable figure of 365,000 units. Wednesday's enthusiastic buying will doubtless not continue without setbacks, but there is sufficiently solid evidence of economic recovery to make for bullish markets over the next few months in a country where speculators are still unusually "liquid." The Federal Reserve Board's index of industrial production in October is 95, a big rise from the figure of 77 recorded in April; steel mills are operating at 61 per cent. of capacity, against only 41 per cent. a year ago; and there is a moderate but unmistakable improvement in rail traffics. The problem of railroad costs, or in plain words wages, remains to be dealt with; and I am sceptical as to the durability of recovery, after the present stimulus of renewed "pump-priming" has passed, unless a lasting *modus vivendi* can be reached between the Administration and the utilities. But Wall Street does not take long views—the percentage of total equity capital turned over every year in the States is much higher than in this country—and the winter outlook is bright, from the stockmarket angle.

* * *

The clearing banks' monthly statement for October throws interesting light on the reactions of the monetary machine to the September crisis. As compared with July, deposits show a contraction of £53 millions, which may be taken as measuring roughly the magnitude of the withdrawals of foreign balances from London banks. Between September and October there was no significant change in the volume either of investments or advances, and the holding of cash was approximately unaltered; but bills discounted fell by nearly £21 millions. Here lies the explanation of the fact that, as soon as the crisis passed, conditions of easy money returned in London with remarkable rapidity, notwithstanding the loss of flight funds. Losses of gold by the Exchange Account lead automatically to the absorption by the Account of Treasury bills from the market to replace bullion. That is, the proceeds of gold sales are reinvested by the Account on short-term, and thus neutralise the tendency towards stringency which would otherwise result from foreign withdrawals.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

A Lecture on "LICENSING CONTROL OF COMMERCIAL ROAD TRANSPORT" will be given by DR. GLEESON B. ROBINSON, M.C. (Traffic Commissioner, Metropolitan Area) at the LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS (Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2) on WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16th, at 5 p.m.
ADMISSION FREE, WITHOUT TICKET.
S. J. WORSLEY,
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LIBERALISM AND CURRENT PROBLEMS. Lecture at 8.15 p.m., in the CAXTON HALL, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.1 (Near St. James's Park Underground Station), on Thursday, November 17th. "THE SOCIAL EFFECTS OF UNEMPLOYMENT," by MR. G. E. HAYNES. Chairman: MR. H. GRAHAM WHITE, M.P.
Reserved seats, 2s.: unreserved, 1s. Tickets and Syllabus on application to the Lecture Committee, Liberal Party Organisation, 42 Parliament Street, S.W.1 (Whitehall 8762), or tickets may be obtained at the Hall on the evening of the Lecture.

F.P.S.I. PROF. A. R. RADCLIFFE-BROWN on "THE ROLE OF SEX IN AN ADVANCED CIVILISATION." Wednesday, November 16th, at 8 p.m., at the large Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Tickets: Members, 6d.; non-Members, 1s. From HON. SECRETARY, F.P.S.I., 4 Fitzroy Street, W.1.

HAMPSTEAD Russia To-day Society. MR. P. R. KIMBER (deputising for DUDLEY COLLARD) lectures on "SOVIET JUSTICE AND THE MOSCOW TRIALS." 153 Finchley Road, N.W.3. 8.15 p.m., Thursday, Nov. 17th. Admission 6d. and 1s. Refreshments. Exhibition of photos.
Russian Evening, Sat., Nov. 12th, 8 p.m. At 153 Finchley Road, N.W.3. Komsomols Band. Dancing. Russian songs, games and supper. Admission 1s. 6d. single; 2s. 6d. double.

"ARCHITECTURE AND POLITICS." A.A.S.T.A. Open Discussion. Speaker: E. J. CARTER, B.A., A.R.I.B.A. Wed., Nov. 16th, 6.30 p.m. Group Theatre Rooms, 9 Gt. Newport Street (Leicester Square Station).

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, November 13th, at 11 a.m., MR. BLACKHAM: "WHAT IS UNALTERABLE IN HUMAN BEHAVIOUR." 6.30 p.m., PROF. L. SUSAN STEBBING: "FREETHINKING."

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Sunday, November 13th, at 11 a.m., MISS MARJORIE BOWEN: "THE RELIGIOUS IMPULSE IN ENGLISH POETRY." 6.30 p.m., Concert Chamber Music. Admission free. Visitors welcome.

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